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MEMORIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE HOME LIFE OF OUR PRESIDENTS
FROM LINCOLN TO ROOSEVELT

BEING PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF

COLONEL W. H. CROOK

SOME TIME BODYGUARD TO LINCOLN, SINCE THEN DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE EXECUTIVES

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HENRY ROOD

ILLUSTRATED

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LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1911

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NOTE

I beg to express my indebtedness to Mr. Henry Rood, who first suggested to me these personal recollections of the family and home life of the Presidents I have known, while they resided in the White House. After months of consultation with me and study of my diaries, he organized the several chapters and wrote them. It is hoped that this unpretentious volume will give readers a better understanding than they might otherwise have had, of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt, whom I saw daily, and who, one and all, have treated me with the utmost kindness and consideration during my forty-six years of continuous service in the Executive Office.

W. H. Crook.

The White House, January, 1911.

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MEMORIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

I

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOME LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

It is my purpose in this article, and in other articles following, to give a series of pictures of the home life of the White House during various administrations commencing with that of President Lincoln.

Countless articles have been written, and many books, which have given the official side of life in the White House, if I may so term it; and while these pictures of public events have been an important contribution to history, and a necessary contribution, yet it seems to me that future generations would be glad to possess accurate knowledge of more intimate nature concerning the daily

home life of the Presidents and their families — especially the goings and comings, the duties and recreations, of the women and the children about which so few now living have a personal knowledge.

Therefore I have undertaken the pleasant task of putting down on paper my own recollections of such persons and events; and whatever of value they may possess lies in the fact that they are not drawn from other sources, but are first-hand records of what I have actually seen and heard and made notes of.

For this reason I will commence by relating what occurred from the very first minute that I was ordered to report at the White House for special duty as personal body-guard to President Lincoln. The record will advance step by step in natural order until it draws to a natural close. I may add that I have kept sufficient notes during the last forty-six years to enable me to be sure of my statements; and while certain of them may be disputed here or there, yet the reader may rest assured that I *know* whereof I speak.

After having served in the Union Army, I had been a member of the police force of Washington for about two years, and was off duty resting in my home near First and M streets, N. W., on Thursday, January 5, 1865. About the middle of that day a fellow member of the Washington police force arrived there and notified me that I had been ordered to report at eight o'clock that night to the President as his personal body-guard. Up to that time I had never seen President Lincoln, or any other President; and naturally I was a good deal surprised at this notification, for it meant many things. Among others, it meant that I had been chosen to stand between Abraham Lincoln and danger of all kinds, including possible assassination, and this gave me a sense of the deepest satisfaction, for it showed that my superior officers on the police force had picked me out as a man who could be trusted — than which no greater compliment could possibly have been paid me.

I was then twenty-six years old, of medium

height, wiry, lithe, and powerful, having lived most of my life in the open air; enjoying perfect health, never knowing what nerves meant, with clear eyesight, keen sense of hearing, and ready to go anywhere or do anything at a moment's notice.

As soon as the officer had delivered his message I went into the house and told my wife, who at once saw the grave responsibilities that had been placed on me, and who was greatly disturbed, not because of any danger or peril to myself — she knew me well enough to know that I could take care of myself under almost any conceivable circumstances — but because it almost overwhelmed her to think that in that time of terrible civil war, upon my shoulders, upon my judgment, upon my quickness of thought and carefulness, had been placed the safety, perhaps the life, of the man who had been raised up by the Lord God Almighty to preserve the Union as surely as Moses had been raised up to lead the People of Israel through their trials and tribulations until he brought them to the threshold of the promised land.

I shall never forget that evening of Thursday, January 5, 1865. Pursuant to orders I went directly from my home to the White House, walked up the stairs to the President's office, and exactly at eight o'clock told the doorkeeper that I was ordered to report to the President *personally*. The doorkeeper at once threw open the door and I stepped modestly into the office, where for the first time I saw Abraham Lincoln. The President was seated on the further side of the room in a revolving chair in front of his old-fashioned desk, going over some papers. As I appeared, quietly, he looked up from his desk, and I said:

"Mr. President, my name is W. H. Crook. I have been ordered to report to you for duty as your personal body-guard."

The President merely responded: "All right, Crook."

Then he turned to his papers again and I at once left the office, going downstairs, for this was the night of the regular Thursday levee, a reception given by the President and his official family to all of the public who wished to attend.

On reaching the ground floor of the White House, after leaving the President's office, I was immediately shown to my position for the evening by Mr. Thomas F. Pendel, doorkeeper, who had charge of such arrangements. His orders were for me to stand near the President during the entire reception, where I could see every person who approached to greet him.

At that time the public attending the levee came into the White House through the main entrance on the north front. It was understood, of course, that wraps of all kinds, and overcoats and shawls must be taken off in the cloak-room — and for very good reason. The fact must never be lost sight of that these were war times; the whole country was in tumult; at any moment an attempt might be made to assassinate the President, and no precaution could be overlooked.

Precisely at nine o'clock the President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by the Cabinet officers and their wives, left the living-rooms of the President's household and descended to the main floor by way of the private stair-

way at the west end of the White House. The Marine Band was stationed in an open space near the official staircase at the left side of the main entrance. Those attending the reception passed through this main entrance, and after leaving coats and wraps in the cloak-room, passed around into the Red Room, where many of them gathered and waited until the doors leading into the Blue Room should be thrown open, for it was in the Blue Room just beyond these doors that the President and his official family stood and received their guests.

I stood in the Red Room in front of those closed doors for a short time watching the throng gather there, and was almost dazzled by the spectacle. In the first place, the elegance of the room itself was something to which I had never been accustomed, with its elaborate furnishing and brilliant lighting; and naturally those formed in line nearest the closed doors were members of the Diplomatic Corps in all their gorgeous uniforms and decorations, accompanied by the ladies of their families, who were clad in Parisian

frocks, and who wore such an abundance of jewels as I had read of but had never seen and never expected to see. No wonder that I, a young man of twenty-six, who had spent almost all of my life in a little Maryland village, was temporarily dazzled by those gentlemen and ladies, and by the officers of the army and navy who immediately followed them, these also being in full dress uniform and for the most part accompanied by ladies likewise most beautifully dressed.

My moment of bewilderment was brief; for near the hour of nine the doors were thrown open, and in the Blue Room a few feet beyond the threshold stood Ward H. Lammon, Marshal of the District of Columbia; just beyond him was President Lincoln with Mrs. Lincoln by his side, and next to her the wives of the Cabinet officers in the receiving line.

I at once took my position just inside the Blue Room, directly opposite the President, and turned so as to face every person who came up to the threshold of that door — for my business was to see that no suspicious character should come within reach of Presi-

dent Lincoln; and that no person, even though well known, should cross that doorway with hands concealed or covered in any manner whatsoever. It should be remembered that in guarding a President or any other man the first consideration is to watch the hands of those who might do harm. *Empty hands can never accomplish assassination.*

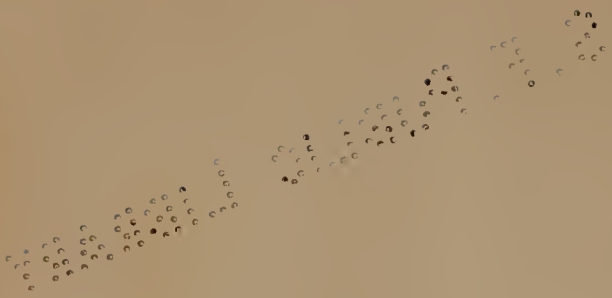
As each couple reached Marshal Lammon he introduced them to the President, who, turning slightly, introduced them to his wife; and then they passed down the receiving line bowing to each of the ladies. It was all very simple, very dignified, and, if I may use the term, very "American." President Lincoln smiled and grasped the hand of each man presented, with a heartiness and cordiality which admitted of no doubt as to his sincerity. There he stood, tall, lean, and broad of shoulders, with a noble countenance; for the time being the lines of care departed and his eyes were lighted with the cordiality of a host who is really glad to meet his guests. And Mrs. Lincoln, standing next to him, her head barely reaching to his shoulder, was equally

cordial, equally gracious, as she greeted those who were presented. I shall never forget the picture presented as I first saw her that evening. She wore a low-neck dress and hoop skirts, which seem so funny to the young people of the present generation; encircling her beautiful plump throat was a necklace of filigree work, and around her head the wreath of white roses which she invariably wore on such occasions: a smiling, cordial little lady, graceful although so plump, bowing to each of the men and women as the President introduced them, and evidently enjoying every moment as the evening passed.

As the guests reached the end of the receiving line they strolled around the Blue Room, where were scattered members of the Cabinet and others high in official life, friends and acquaintances greeting each other and gathering in groups for a few minutes, then drifting on naturally into the Green Room, and from there into the spacious and magnificent East Room.

All the time that the people were going in and giving their names to Marshal Lammon,

President Lincoln and his family



and passing the President and Mrs. Lincoln and the ladies of the Cabinet, I remained standing opposite Lincoln, alert in every nerve of my being, and with my eyes searching every man and woman as they approached the marshal.

To those accustomed to the formality of receptions during recent administrations, that levee away back in 1865 would have been an amusing contrast. All sorts and conditions of people from every section of the country came up to be presented. Many of the private citizens were in full evening dress, of course, and among them were men and women occupying high positions in finance, commerce, professional life, and in society. But in that long stream, slowly wending its way to where the President stood, were also men and women from the country districts and backwoods, and from farms in New England and the Middle States, and from what we now call the Middle West. It did not seem strange to me then, although I cannot help but smile now as I recall the scene, that many of those humbler folk whom Lincoln thought so much of, whom he loved so well, and in whom he

placed implicit faith as the strong bulwark of the nation — it did not then seem strange that many of the women wore dresses and bonnets most unfashionably made, and of anything but expensive material. Among them were hearty, strong farmers' wives, arrayed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting frocks; some of whom wore mitts, others gloves fitting none too well. And many a woman put forth a hand hardened by toil in the service of husbands and sons who were then at the front — and you may well believe that no hands were grasped more cordially by the great President and his wife than these.

Once in a while a young daughter would accompany her father and mother, but it made no difference whether she were a *débutante* from Philadelphia, Boston, New York, or a tired "schoolma'am" from some little red schoolhouse, or a hard-working farmer's daughter, — the President and Mrs. Lincoln were glad to see them one and all.

Then a few came along in that slow-moving line to whom the President seemed especially grateful for what he considered the honor of

their presence; and these few, scattered here and there, were old women, — women with bowed shoulders and white hair, dim of vision, feeble of step, whose sons and grandsons were somewhere south of the Potomac carrying muskets, or wandering in the swamps, or suffering with gaping wounds in hospitals, or undergoing terrible misery inseparable from some of the military prisons in the South. And such women as I have mentioned particularly were usually accompanied by husbands, or brothers, vastly different in appearance from the well-fed, well-dressed men from the great cities who formed a majority of those present.

I wonder what would happen now at a Presidential reception if a dozen, or twenty, or thirty men should enter the White House, as a matter of course wearing *negligée* shirts, slouch hats, and cowhide boots into the tops of which were thrust their trousers! It is a literal fact, however, that not a few of the men presented to President and Mrs. Lincoln at the levee of January 5, 1865, came up to the door of the Blue Room wearing such

heavy, clumsy, cowhide boots. They thought nothing of it. Neither did Mrs. Lincoln, and least of all the President. For to Lincoln clothes meant nothing — manhood, truth, honor, hard work, meant everything.

As might be imagined, under the circumstances, I was nervous and anxious that night, when for the first time I was called upon to guard the safety and life of the President. Occasionally I glanced at him as he stood only a few feet from me; but for practically every second of that entire evening I kept my eyes on one couple after another as they came forward, noting man after man, and woman after woman; first being sure that their hands were in plain view, and that they held nothing unless it were a fan or a handkerchief — even then being sure that no weapon of any kind was concealed beneath a fan or within a handkerchief.

When the last of the several hundred people present had been introduced by Marshal Lammon, the President and Mrs. Lincoln quietly withdrew and went upstairs to their living-rooms. Just before leaving the Blue

Room the President told me to wait for him downstairs, as he wished to go to the War Department. It was then after eleven o'clock; and at about eleven-thirty, the guests having all departed from the White House, the President came down again and I accompanied him to the War Department, going through the basement of the White House and thence over to the War Department, where, as usual, he made his midnight call on Secretary Stanton to get news from the front. Before long we returned to the White House and the President retired, I remaining on duty in the hallway outside of the room where he was sleeping until relieved at eight o'clock in the morning. Thus ended my first experience as body-guard to Abraham Lincoln.

The daily life of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln usually commenced at eight o'clock, and immediately upon dressing the President would go into the library, where he would sit in his favorite chair in the middle of the room and read a chapter or two of his Bible. I think I am safe in saying that this was President Lincoln's invariable custom — at least it was

such during the time I was on duty with him.

At about eight-thirty he would join Mrs. Lincoln and little Tad in the small, unpretentious dining-room for breakfast, where a plain but sufficiently hearty meal was served by two waiters who were white men, and who were paid personally by the President, who also paid the wages of the cook and his coachman and footman. There was little formality about the meal; the President loved to joke with his wife and son, and for the time being put aside the cares of his great office and his anxiety for the country. As soon as breakfast was over, the President would go to his office and commence the ceaseless toil of his busy day.

Mrs. Lincoln was not merely an excellent housekeeper but a practical one, and she busied herself about the White House (then called the Executive Mansion), much as any other housekeeper would busy herself about her private home. She would go from room to room, seeing that the work was satisfactorily done, looking after the innumerable small details, especially those which had to do

with the comfort of her husband and her little son.

Then, as a general thing, Mrs. Lincoln would attend to her personal correspondence in her own boudoir, where she had a desk; afterwards, likely as not, going down to the old conservatory, long since supplanted, which was a favorite resort for her. She loved flowers and understood them and knew their needs; and was able to give the one gardener directions as to what she wanted done and also how to do it. Many times have I seen her looking at some favorite flower as if she were helping it to give forth its bloom and fragrance. Sometimes she would say to me with real enthusiasm:

"Crook, look at this beautiful bud! Soon it will be in full bloom."

Because of her love of flowers and her knowledge of plant life, the old conservatory during President Lincoln's administration was a model of its kind.

Every now and then during the day, if Mrs. Lincoln happened to think of something she wished to tell her husband, she did not hesitate to go into his office as she would have gone

unhesitatingly into his law office in Springfield. For first of all Abraham Lincoln was her husband; she was his helpmate and comrade, and the fact that he was a world figure, occupied with some of the gravest problems that have ever affected mankind, did not overwhelm and blot out the fact that he was her husband. I do not wish to be misunderstood by any who might think that Mrs. Lincoln would intrude upon the President while he was engaged in his office, for she was very careful never to interrupt any of the countless conferences with officials of the government, or with representatives of foreign governments, or with humble citizens in private life who constantly called upon President Lincoln. She was careful, as became a woman of intelligence and common sense, not thus to interfere; but when the President was not occupied with such matters, she often would come into his office and ask him a question about some matter of common interest — to find out if he had an engagement for that afternoon or evening, whether he could go to the theater, or take a drive; or to speak with him about something or other that little Tad wished to

do. Looking at their lives in this aspect, it was all very beautiful and homelike.

A great many people have had the idea that Mrs. Lincoln did not realize, at the time, the gravity of her husband's position, and what an extraordinary influence he wielded in the world; and certainly many have thought that she was not as solicitous for his comfort and his happiness as she might have been. But I wish to go on record as saying that during the time I was on duty, Mrs. Lincoln looked after her husband's welfare with the utmost consideration. She was of a cheerful, lively temperament; she had a sense of humor that enabled her to appreciate the President's droll stories and homely wit; and certainly in this regard she aided him to ease what was an almost insupportable burden during the darkest days of the war. People have thought Mrs. Lincoln frivolous. She was not. She knew, for example, what the President liked to eat and what was good for him to eat, and she saw that he had it. When the weather was cold she made it her business to see that the President did not go outdoors unless he had about

his shoulders a warm gray shawl so that he would not catch cold and possibly incur dangerous illness. Of course there must be two sides to the life of any President — one being that of public life and affairs concerning which the world knows more or less; and in this Mrs. Lincoln did not attempt to exert an influence, as history records on the part of many women in the courts of Europe during days gone by.

Mr. Lincoln ate heartily but not to excess; he was particularly fond of certain things, especially apples, and Mrs. Lincoln always had a sufficiency of this fruit chosen carefully and ready at hand. The President never used tobacco as far as I know, and I never knew him to drink wine or other alcoholic beverages, not even at the state dinners where, of course, wines were provided for those who wished them. I am quite sure that neither he nor Mrs. Lincoln worried about the possibility of the President being assassinated. Certainly if Mrs. Lincoln was worried about such an occurrence she did not show it, and the President exercised the calm philosophy of a stoic in this particular. He believed that if any-

body was bad enough to kill him there was nothing on earth to prevent it.

Mrs. Lincoln occasionally had old friends from Illinois, and elsewhere, visiting her in the White House; but there was very little of social gayety then as compared with that obtaining under later administrations and under the administrations of earlier Presidents, when, for instance, " Dolly " Madison entertained so brilliantly.

Again I remind my readers of the fact that during Lincoln's administration the country was torn apart with the most terrible warfare; death was on every hand, the black badge of mourning was seen on every side; and those connected with the White House, where centered the entire nervous system of the nation, felt the strain of conflict, the grief and sorrow, so poignantly and so constantly that it is no wonder gayety and lightness of spirit were absent for the most part. Then again, the President's second son, Willie Lincoln, had died only two years previous, and both President and Mrs. Lincoln unquestionably felt this loss while I was acting as body-guard. Robert Lincoln,

the eldest of the three sons, then a young man, was a captain serving on Grant's staff, and came only occasionally to the White House.

From some cause an unusual impediment in little Tad Lincoln's speech made it extremely difficult for him to pronounce certain words, and really impossible for him to enunciate clearly a name like Smith, for instance. Perhaps it was partly owing to this that he did not attend a school while living in the White House. At any rate he had a tutor, a fine, scholarly Scotchman named Williamson, who came every morning to teach the boy his lessons. All the rest of the time Tad spent in playing, in reading, and investigating — when he was not with his father. Whenever it was possible, Mr. Lincoln had the little fellow with him.

I verily believe that this child's prescience and feeling had greater influence with the President than the arguments of the latter's entire administration. Lincoln lived for one thing, and for one thing only, — to help his countrymen as a whole, regardless of sections, North, East, South, or West, to do what was right; to seek

Church attended by President Lincoln

and follow the course which would be kindest, wisest, most helpful in the highest sense. Profoundly reverent himself, he accepted as literal fact the statement that the surest way to bring about the Kingdom of Heaven on earth — to bring about conditions of peace, and love, and sympathy between the great forces which had torn his country apart — was for us all to believe in goodness and truth with the simple, unquestioning faith of the little child. Perhaps it was his logical carrying out of this reasoning that led him to gain renewed strength from constant association with his little son. Certain it is that Abraham Lincoln was wholly wrapped up in the boy.

As I remember him best, Tad was a bright lad of nine or ten years. To some he seemed to be unusually inquisitive; but as I now look back, I think this was an inevitable result of his inherited intellect, as well as of his share of his father's strong character. Tad wanted to know all about everything. It did n't matter much what was the subject, to whatever his attention was called, on whatever his fancy alighted — to that he sprang, eagerly and in-

stantly, and he wanted to master it in every detail of being, cause, and effect.

Like the great President, Tad had a heart like a woman's. If he differed from other boys in any one thing to a marked degree, it was in that fact. Most boys, by nature, I suppose, are inherently cruel — to each other, to brothers or sisters, to dogs or cats, as we all know. Tad Lincoln never was cruel to any living creature. It may have been this fundamental trait in his childish character that formed the basis of that wonderful bond of sympathy and understanding which certainly existed between his father and himself.

I hope I am not giving the impression that Tad was what is termed colloquially a " prig," or anything approaching it. Excepting for his tenderness of heart, and his endowment with an extraordinary intellect, he differed in nowise from the average bright, energetic, American lad. While he lived in the White House the military side of life was uppermost in every one's mind, and naturally Tad was interested in soldiers. To be a soldier was the height of his ambition, and he had a regulation army

lieutenant's uniform, with epaulettes and all the other accessories, in which he often would dress up and strut around in high feather. Like all children he was very fond of private theatricals, and delighted in "acting plays." So a room in the White House was fitted up for him as a miniature theatre, and there he spent many of the happiest hours of his life.

But as I look back over nearly half a century, I see him most plainly and oftenest seated in a little wagon, driving a pair of goats around the White House grounds. Sometimes the goats would trot along as directed, and sometimes they would decline to move, or move in the wrong direction, or try to move in two directions at once, as goats will. But Tad didn't mind much. He would simply wait until the steeds were ready to go where he wished, and then they would start on.

When I accompanied Mr. Lincoln to Petersburg, during his memorable visit to the front, little Tad went with us, and slept in my stateroom aboard the steamer, so I could be sure no harm came to him. I doubt if I ever felt greater responsibility in guarding the Presi-

dent himself than I felt when he placed his boy's hand in mine, and said I was to keep him from danger.

The death of his father almost broke Tad's heart — I say this literally — and not so very long afterward he died, while in Europe with his mother.

I am sure that all those who came in close contact with the President and Mrs. Lincoln would agree in saying that they were a happy couple, and that they led a peaceful, quiet, happy life, understanding each other, sympathizing with each other, doing their best to influence Robert for his own good, and to bring up little Tad so that he should lead a life truly successful. I never knew President Lincoln to lose his temper on any occasion, although I have been present when I could only wonder how he could sit still in dignified calmness when any other man under equal conditions would have risen up in righteous wrath, and most men would have exerted physical violence; this, of course, when some reckless man would meet him face to face and denounce his policies or question his motives. As for

the domestic relations between the President and Mrs. Lincoln, I do not recall ever hearing or seeing a discussion between them.

At that time, it must be remembered, any one who wished to talk with Lincoln could walk up to his office, and after speaking with the doorkeeper go in and meet him. Excepting when engaged with others, President Lincoln seldom if ever declined to receive any man or woman who came to the White House to see him. When I remember the numbers of people who came there on all conceivable errands, for all imaginable purposes, it seems surprising that he could get through with his work and then grant them interviews. But Lincoln had a most effective way of dismissing those who trespassed upon his time, which belonged not to himself but to the nation. Let me give an illustration of what I mean.

Some morning an up-state politician would come bustling into the White House and want to see the President, not for any real reason, but merely that he might go back to his constituents and tell how he was received by the President, and what he said to the

President, and what the President said to him, etc., etc.

Lincoln would size up such a man in a half a minute, and he could get rid of him in another half minute, not brusquely, not by waving him aside, not by suggesting that he was too busy to be seen at that particular time; on the contrary, before the up-state politician would have a chance to tell what he thought of the President's policies Mr. Lincoln would start in on a droll story, and when he finished the politician would be laughing so heartily he would forget all about what he was going to tell the President. Then his hand would be grasped by the President, who would at once turn to his desk, and the politician would find himself leaving the White House more than satisfied with his call, which had lasted two minutes instead of two hours as he had expected.

So great was the pressure on the President's time and thought that he had little chance for pleasure and recreation, except for an occasional horseback ride out to the Soldiers' Home. He enjoyed moderately

a really good theatrical performance by competent actors, but not with the enthusiasm shown by Mrs. Lincoln, who was very fond indeed of the drama. When the President and his wife went to the theater, they would step into a carriage at the White House and drive directly to their destination, just as any other gentleman and lady in private life would do. On arriving in front of the playhouse Burke, the big, burly Irish coachman, would pull up his horses, and the footman, Charley Forbes, would swing down to the sidewalk and open the door of the carriage, whereupon Mrs. Lincoln and the President would step out, being met at once by a body-guard whose business it was to be on hand when they arrived.

Without any ostentation or display whatever the President and Mrs. Lincoln, followed by the body-guard, and led by an usher, would quietly walk into the box which had been reserved for them, and as they did so the audience would rise and stand in silence until the President acknowledged this mark of respect with a dignified bow, in which recognition Mrs. Lincoln joined by a graceful inclination of

her head. Then they would seat themselves in the box and the audience would seat itself throughout the house. During the progress of the play the attention of the audience was centered on the stage and not upon the President and his wife, or any guests whom they might have with them in the box; for Lincoln was so near to the people of his beloved country that they felt no desire to stare at him from motives of curiosity. At the conclusion of the play, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their guard would retire from the box, and quietly leave the theater. Such of the audience as were in the aisles simply made way for them. They would then step into their carriage, Forbes would close the door and regain his seat beside Burke, who would speak to his horses and away the carriage would roll toward the White House as a score of other carriages were rolling in other directions from the theater.

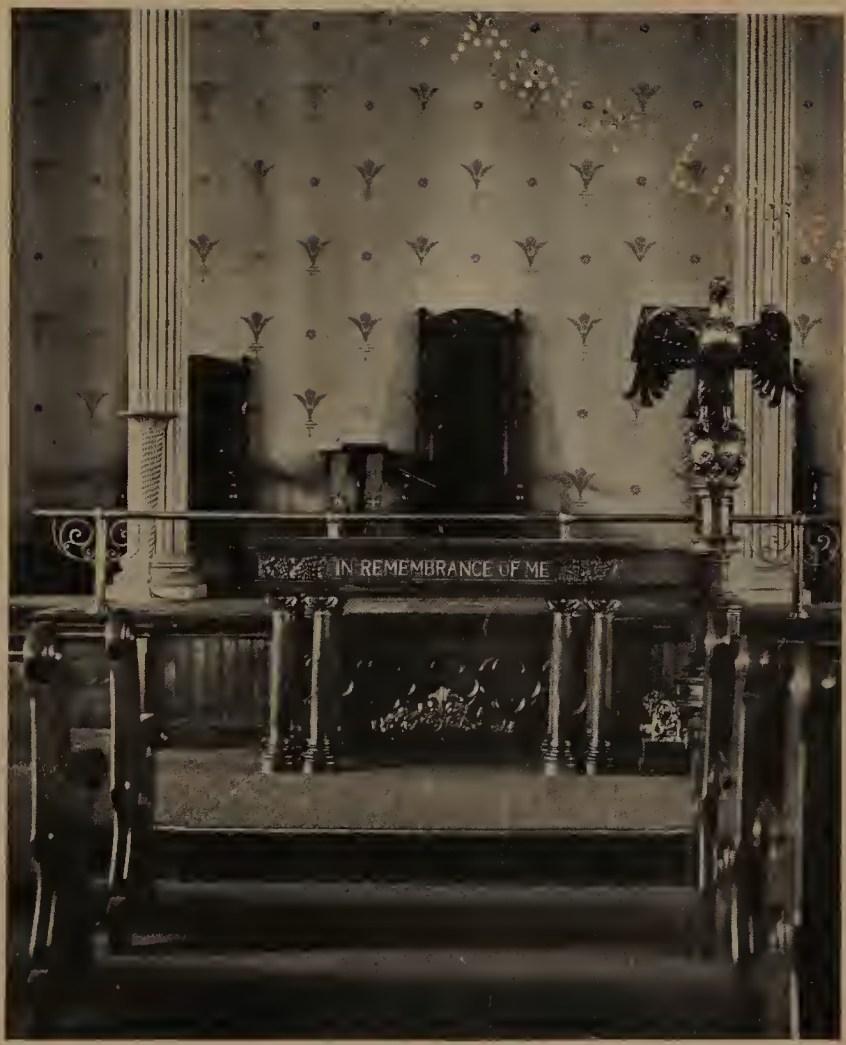
Mr. Lincoln, of course, never wore full evening dress; nor any decoration or insignia whatever to distinguish himself from the millions of his countrymen with whom he stood

on a plane of equality; for as much as he believed that he was living and breathing he believed that God had created all men to be equal, and that any difference such as creates caste, or even exclusive circles of society, was purely artificial and, therefore, in his opinion, ignoble.

Mrs. Lincoln, when she attended the theater, usually wore a gown cut low in the neck, but did not wear full dress excepting at the opera. Neither she nor the President was a musician, but both were fond of listening to music. I do not think that Mrs. Lincoln was in any sense a woman of strong literary tastes, but she read the newspapers carefully and kept informed not merely of the great war then in progress but of changing political conditions, and of important events throughout the world. Those who have thought her a woman of almost childish gayety of temperament were vastly mistaken in underestimating this side of her character. She kept well informed on many subjects, and had very clear and strong ideas concerning them.

Mrs. Lincoln and the President usually at-

tended the morning service in Dr. Gurley's church, which still stands on New York Avenue near the corner of Fourteenth Street. Sometimes they would drive there, but frequently they would walk, accompanied by a guard. They were always punctual in attendance, and you may be sure that Dr. Gurley never had to delay the opening of his service on their account. They would go to church with the simplicity and dignity and quietness of manner that characterized the President's whole life. Out of respect for the great office which he occupied, those who were in the church when the President arrived would rise from their seats and remain standing until he and Mrs. Lincoln had passed down to the pew reserved for their use, well forward and near the pulpit. At the close of the service those constituting the congregation would step out of their pews into the aisles without waiting for the President of the United States to take precedence. Lincoln and his wife would slowly walk along, surrounded by the others, exchanging a few words and shaking hands with those they knew or with any who



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The pulpit in "Lincoln's Church," from the pew he occupied

wished to speak to them. On reaching the doors of the church, the President and Mrs. Lincoln would go homeward as they had come, quietly and reverently. Occasionally little Tad accompanied his father and mother to church, but not often.

During the time that I was serving as personal body-guard to Lincoln, he and Mrs. Lincoln usually dined at seven o'clock in the evening — a leisurely meal, well cooked, well chosen, with special reference to the President's dislike of elaborate dishes and "frills" in general. In those days the White House had no regularly employed housekeeper, such as has been necessary during recent years, owing to the fact that because of the natural evolution of social life in this country, the President's wife, whoever she may be, now is called upon to give much of her time, her strength, and thought to entertaining, — largely semi-official in nature, — which was unknown in Lincoln's time. I have no doubt that some of the ladies who have graced the Executive Mansion during the last forty years may have been Mrs. Lincoln's equal

as practical housekeepers; but I am sure that none of them was her superior. She had a steward to attend to special duties which would naturally fall to such a person, but she oversaw and directed everything herself. She knew just what kinds of food should be provided, what cuts of various meats were the best, how vegetables should be prepared, how bread should be made. And what is more, her cook, and her waiters, and her few other servants, *knew* that she knew. In consequence, the domestic affairs of the Executive Mansion ran along their way smoothly and serenely and most comfortably.

After dinner, at about eight o'clock, the President would rise from the table and go at once across to the War Department to get the latest news from the front, excepting on Thursday evenings, when he waited until the regular levee had been held. If I happened to be on night duty I accompanied him, of course, and while we were absent for an hour or two hours, Mrs. Lincoln, after seeing that Tad was safe and soundly asleep in his bed, would go into the "living-room,"

as the Red Room was then called. Sometimes she would spend the evening in reading the newspapers of various cities until the President returned; but she was not fond of embroidering, or of other work with the needle.

Generally, however, the wives of some of the Cabinet Officers would drive to the Executive Mansion to spend an informal evening. Occasionally these ladies would be accompanied by their husbands, but not always, by any means. For, let me repeat again, those were war times; war, with its terrible news of crushing defeat, of death, injury, starvation; of discontent with the Administration in many quarters; of apprehension regarding the possible action of certain foreign powers.

Neither the President, nor the men chosen as his Cabinet advisers, could call an hour their own in advance of its coming. Day and night, night and day, they were carrying a burden of anxiety almost of crushing weight. As a result, the Cabinet members did not often go with their wives for an in-

formal evening in the old living-room. The ladies, however, seemed to enjoy meeting each other thus, and chatted about a thousand things.

In cold weather there was usually a comfortable blaze in the big fireplace, around which they would gather. But while a fine piano stood ready at hand, I do not remember having heard any music, vocal or instrumental, on such occasions. At the time I wondered why the ladies did not play or sing; but afterwards I understood that music, with its gayety and lightness, is not born of periods of grief, and mourning, and dread. No, there was nothing approaching hilarity in the White House in those days; all was sadness, for the President and his official family and their wives knew better than any of the public what the country was passing through, and felt accordingly. . . .

I will amend that slightly. There was no hilarity excepting where Tad was concerned. Time and time again have I seen Tad sitting on his father's shoulders, while President Lincoln galloped up and down the long

corridor outside their private apartments, the boy laughing and shouting with glee, and the great, grave President, by sheer will-power, resolutely throwing aside the burdens of his office, in order that his little son might share the joys that are childhood's heritage. . . .

No refreshments were served during the informal evenings spent with Mrs. Lincoln, nor, indeed, were refreshments served at the Thursday evening levees. When ten o'clock came, or perhaps eleven, the ladies would drive home alone, unless their husbands were able to come for them, which was sometimes the case.

Then Mrs. Lincoln would sit down alone, and quietly wait until her husband should return from the War Department. At that time there were no telegraph wires in the Executive Mansion, and the President's habit was to go to the War Building to obtain news at first hand, and to talk over developments with the Secretary of War. Lincoln usually was able to return to his wife, waiting in the living-room for him, by eleven o'clock or a little later, and he would tell her the news from the front. They would discuss the battles, the retreats,

the victories, the defeats, — all the main developments of the day and evening, — with calm thoughtfulness, and although they generally finished this concluding part of their daily program shortly after midnight, yet sometimes it was quite late when they could do so and retire.

As he went upstairs and entered his own room, Lincoln's last act was to turn to the guard on duty in the corridor, and wish him good-night. Then he would enter his room, and close the door, and I — if it were my turn to stand guard — would settle down for eight hours of duty.

My chair stood in the corridor, within easy reach of the door opening into the President's room, and so situated that I could see every inch of the whole length of the corridor, which was so lighted that no shadows could even partly conceal any one who might try to slip through it. During most of the night I would rest comfortably in the chair, constantly looking this way and that, listening intently for any unusual noise. Every once in a while, however, I would rise and

quietly pace up and down to obtain rest of position. I never read a book or a newspaper, of course, for fear that my attention might become fixed so closely on the printed page that I might not hear or see the approach of assassins whom I always expected at any moment. Needless to say, I never resorted to any of the common means for keeping awake during those solitary vigils. The responsibility of guarding Lincoln was so great that dozing, or even drowsiness, was unthinkable. And when relieved by the day-guard, at eight o'clock in the morning, I was always as fresh and wide awake as when I had gone on duty twelve hours previous.

The only time that President Lincoln failed to say good-night to me — when we parted after having been together for hours — was on the evening shortly before he started for Ford's Theater, where he was murdered. As I mentioned on another occasion, some years ago, Mr. Lincoln had told me that afternoon of a dream he had had for three successive nights, concerning his impending assassination. Of course, the constant dread of such

a calamity made me somewhat nervous, and I almost begged him to remain in the Executive Mansion that night, and not to go to the theater. But he would not disappoint Mrs. Lincoln and others who were to be present. Then I urged that he allow me to stay on duty and accompany him; but he would not hear of this, either.

"No, Crook," he said, kindly but firmly, "you have had a long, hard day's work already, and must go home to sleep and rest. I cannot afford to have you get all tired out and exhausted."

It was then that he neglected, for the first and only time, to say good-night to me. Instead, he turned, with his kind, grave face, and said: "Good-bye, Crook," and went into his room.

I thought of it at the moment; and a few hours later, when the awful news flashed over Washington that he had been shot, his last words were so burned into my memory that they never have been forgotten, and never can be forgotten.

* * *

Ford's Theatre, where President Lincoln was shot

The house where President Lincoln died

Although I have already stated the fact in print, I wish to repeat it here, — that when Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their party sat down in their box at Ford's Theater that fateful night, the guard who was acting as my substitute took his position at the rear of the box, close to an entrance leading into the box from the dress-circle of the theater. His orders were to stand there, fully armed, and to permit no unauthorized person to pass into the box. His orders were to stand there and protect the President at all hazards.

From the spot where he was thus stationed, this guard could not see the stage or the actors; but he could hear the words the actors spoke, and he became so interested in them that, incredible as it may seem, he quietly deserted his post of duty, and walking down the dimly-lighted side aisle, deliberately took a seat in the last row of the dress-circle.

It was while the President was thus absolutely unprotected through this guard's amazing recklessness — to use no stronger words — that Booth rushed through the entrance

to the box, just deserted by the guard, and accomplished his foul deed.

Realization of his part in the assassination so preyed upon the mind and spirit of the guard that he finally died as a result of it.

II

THE HOME LIFE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON

President Johnson's home life in the White House did not commence until some time after Mrs. Lincoln had left there, in April, 1865, about three weeks after President Lincoln had been assassinated. Mr. Johnson was sworn in as President at his rooms in the Kirkwood House by Chief Justice Chase, and for a short time thereafter transacted his official business in an office in the Treasury Department. Before long he took up his quarters in the White House, where his home life began with the arrival of his whole family in August, 1865. As a general thing, when an incoming President arrives with his family at the White House, he finds that preparations for a hearty welcome and a cordial one have been made by the family of the

outgoing President; but there were none to welcome President Johnson's family except the servants and employees of the household.

The day on which they arrived I was acting as a special officer at the White House, where, with others, I had been expecting them hour by hour. Everything possible for the comfort of the new President's family had been made ready by the White House staff, under the supervision of Steward Stackpole; and while all the material comforts had been looked after yet there was lacking that little thrill of human sympathy that can only come through cordial handclasp and face of smiling welcome on the part of one woman toward another. It was at about noon of that August day when several carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen and children drew up at the White House, and those within stepped out and entered the great building. President Johnson was in his office at the time, and on being informed that the party had arrived he went to meet them.

It included Mrs. Johnson; her son, Colonel Robert Johnson, then a man of thirty or

Mrs. Mary Johnson Stover

Mrs. Andrew Johnson

Martha Johnson Patterson

thirty-five; a younger son, Andrew Johnson, Junior, a lad of twelve or fourteen; two married daughters — Mrs. Stover, whose husband was dead; a second daughter, Mrs. Patterson, and her husband, Senator Patterson, of Tennessee; together with five grandchildren — Mary Belle Patterson, Andrew J. Patterson, Sarah Stover, Lillie Stover, and Andrew J. Stover.

Mrs. Johnson, feeble from a long illness, was helped out of her carriage. Tom Pendel, the old doorkeeper, opened the doors, and the entire party went into the White House, being welcomed there by the servants and the other employees, and going first into the parlors, where they sat down to rest for a while. With the exception of the President, none of those in the party was at all familiar with the Executive Mansion, excepting Mrs. Patterson, who had been educated in Georgetown as a girl and had been a frequent visitor at the White House during the Polk administration. I remember the whole scene as clearly as if it were yesterday.

Mrs. Johnson was a small woman, and, a vic-

tim of old-fashioned " consumption " for a long time, her weakness and emaciation made her seem even smaller still. She walked slowly, and while her face was lighted up with interest, yet she betrayed no such enthusiasm as might have been expected of almost any woman under the same circumstances. Mrs. Stover and Mrs. Patterson were, on the other hand, eager to begin their new life, and the six children were as excited as could be, their eyes bright and their cheeks flushed with anticipation of events which they could hardly imagine.

After resting quietly in the parlors for a time the entire party went upstairs to select their living-rooms. The President's wife, of course, made her personal choice first of all; and, instead of picking out for her own use one of the great, spacious bedrooms, she selected one of the smallest rooms, which was situated in the northwest corner of the White House.

In those days nearly all the furniture was of mahogany, most of it the same furniture that had been used by the Lincoln adminis-

tration. Under a special appropriation of thirty thousand dollars the President's living-rooms and other portions of the Executive Mansion were redecorated in accordance with Mrs. Patterson's ideas, and some parts, such as the East Room and the Green Room, were refurnished. While the ladies of the household were surveying and selecting their rooms, trunks and other personal baggage arrived in wagons, and the Johnson family really commenced its home life in the White House.

Owing to the fact that the President's wife was an invalid, her daughter, Mrs. Patterson, at once assumed charge of everything. She consulted with her mother and was ably assisted by her sister, Mrs. Stover; but she looked after everything in a general way and gave directions for carrying out all details connected with the family life.

In Lincoln's time there were few gathered around the table in the private dining-room, only the President and Mrs. Lincoln and little Tad; but now all was changed. At every meal that private dining-room was the scene of liveliness and conversation, for when two

or three men and two ladies and six children come together around one long table at meal-times, liveliness is to be expected. As during Lincoln's administration, breakfast was served not long after eight o'clock in the morning, and all were, as a general thing, on hand except Mrs. Johnson, who seldom appeared for the morning meal. Perhaps there was a trifle more ceremony than in Lincoln's time, but when breakfast was over Mr. Johnson would always remain for a little while, talking with his sons and his daughters and his grandchildren and his son-in-law, Senator Patterson, and then would invariably spend a short time chatting with his wife before proceeding to his office for the transaction of business.

Beginning with the first morning after they arrived, there was an instant change in the very atmosphere of the Executive Mansion, as could hardly have been otherwise when one remembers that into it had come six hearty, healthy children, full of fun and laughter, the eldest being a boy not over fourteen. The last one alluded to, Andrew

Johnson, Junior, attended one of the public schools in Washington; and those of the grandchildren who were old enough studied under the direction of a teacher who visited the White House every morning, although this part of their education was carefully supervised by their mothers. Luncheon was served at one o'clock and dinner at seven.

Mrs. Johnson usually spent most of her time on the floor on which were the living-rooms. The greater part of each day she remained in her own room, seated in a little rocking-chair which she found most comfortable, busying herself with needlework and reading. She was a woman of strong, forceful character and of decided literary tastes. She did not care especially for works of fiction, and most of the books she read were of a serious nature. It will be remembered that while her husband had taught himself to read, she actually had taught him to write after they were married, and it was some years later — when he was a member of the House of Representatives — that he first was able to use a pen with ease and fluency.

Despite her afflictions Mrs. Johnson was a woman of far more than usual power — but hers was the power of the spirit and the mind, rather than of the body. She was quiet and calm, but absolutely inflexible when it came to a matter of principle, and throughout her husband's life she exercised a very great influence upon him.

It has often been said that the ideal marriage is that wherein two individual souls and minds are merged as one. The nearest approach to such a state that I have ever seen and known was in the case of Andrew Johnson and his wife. And yet they were as unlike each other temperamentally as it was possible for two human beings to be.

From the time his father died Andrew Johnson made an unceasing fight throughout a stormy life. At the age of ten years, as a little boy, he was apprenticed to a tailor, and even then began his unending struggle. Being endowed with a strong personality and a resolute will, possessing confidence in his own ability to battle with the world, Johnson had fought his way upward, step by step. A man of

intensely strong convictions, it was impossible to move him when he believed that his position was the right position, and he would maintain it with a vehemence that at times almost reached the point of violence. Fearless of everything and of everybody, he would stand his ground, if necessary, against the whole world. It will be remembered, as Senator O. P. Morton, of Indiana, said: "Andrew Johnson was the only member of Congress from the South who resisted the wave of secession that was then sweeping over the South, and stood faithful to the Union."

And a man who represented a Southern Congressional district and who faced, single-handed and alone, the storm of secession that swept over his State, could not have been other than a man of indomitable purpose. Yet, in the marrow of his heart, in the core of his judgment, he turned to and leaned upon and was constantly influenced by a frail little woman, so weak that she had to have breakfast in her room, so feeble that she spent most of her time in her little rocking-

chair; yet, withal, a woman whose soul was so pure, whose heart was so tender, that she possessed a vision truer and sounder and keener than that of her rugged, powerful husband who had spent his whole life in the heat of conflict with the great world — a conflict of which she knew little from her own experience.

Though the home life of President Johnson's family was largely regulated by Mrs. Patterson, nevertheless the mainspring of the whole establishment was Mrs. Johnson herself. She cared little for outward show, as can be understood by what has been said already; and even before her husband's troublous days came — during impeachment proceedings — I am quite sure that she would have much preferred to go back to their Tennessee home and there live in such quietude as her husband's temperament would permit; in fact, she told me so, more than once.

"Crook," she would say, "it 's all very well for those who like it — but I do not like this public life at all. I often wish the time

would come when we could return to where I feel we best belong."

Yes, President Johnson's wife was essentially a motherly old lady, in all her thoughts, in all her actions, in all her wishes; a sweet, lovable woman who had spent her days looking after her husband and her children and who had taken to her heart and into her very soul the five grandchildren. If anything made her at all resigned to residing in the White House it was because there she could have with her, every day, her entire family.

Of course, she appreciated to the full the exalted position her husband occupied by virtue of his office; perhaps, because her intellectual powers were so wide, she may even have understood this better than he. But first and foremost, as I have tried to indicate, she was a motherly, dear old lady, deeply interested in her husband's career, desirous for her children's welfare, and, as is generally the case with a grandmother, positively anxious that right ideas of thought and conduct should be instilled in her grandchildren.

Although the President's wife never told me

so, in so many words, yet I think that one of her keenest regrets in connection with living in the White House was that she could n't slip down into the kitchen whenever she felt like it, and bake a batch of ginger cookies for the little folks. Despite her illness, Mrs. Johnson was always cheerful, and always loved to have the grandchildren with her, especially Belle Patterson, who was a really beautiful child. Whenever she was able to see friends who called she did so, but as a general thing she saw only a very few persons.

Mrs. Patterson attended to practically all her mother's correspondence, excepting that which was handled in the Executive Office. This, by the way, was very heavy at times. The wife of every President receives a great many letters from people who are utter strangers, begging her to use her influence with her husband to secure appointments to minor offices, or other favors. Of course the President's wife seldom sees these appeals. They are opened by her secretary, who then transmits them to the Executive Office, as they are in the nature of

official business. At the time of President Johnson's administration Mrs. Patterson, in addition to all her other duties, relieved her mother of such annoyances.

After having breakfast in her room, Mrs. Johnson usually would look through the living quarters of the President's family, stopping here or there to rest, and sometimes calling upon her husband in his office if she wanted to see him about anything. In those days, as most of us remember who are beyond middle age, sufferers from consumption were kept indoors most of the time, instead of being urged to live in the open air day and night as at present. The grandchildren, as soon as their lessons were over, would make a bee line for her little room, where the dear old lady would be awaiting them, one eye on the stockings she was darning or the mittens she was knitting, the other eye on the clock, and both ears keyed in anticipation of hearing light footsteps dancing along the corridor toward her room. To the children of Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover there was nobody on earth like "Grandpa" and "Grandma," and of course they were too young to under-

stand the full dignity and importance of the President's position. They were healthy, hearty, romping youngsters, full of fun and mischief; but here I wish to say that in all my own long life I have never seen anything approaching the good feeling which existed between the two sets of children. It is a literal fact that while they were in the White House they never had any disputes. This may sound extraordinary — it is extraordinary — but it is true.

I often wondered in those days why it was, or how it was, that the five grandchildren could get along so happily and without dispute or discussion. But when I grew older and learned something of the influences that unconsciously affect human nature deeply and permanently, I became convinced that the Stover and the Patterson boys and girls lived so happily and joyously simply because of their beloved Grandma.

In truth she never disputed, never quarreled with any one, because she was so calm and peaceful; and because she had been so throughout all her long life, during which her

own children had grown up and had been influenced by her, they, in turn, had passed on this happy, peaceful habit of life to their children, to whom I am referring particularly. If the grandchildren wanted to go into the President's office at any time they went right along, without asking permission, and they were always welcome there. Many a time have I known the President to be receiving visitors, when two or three or four or five youngsters would come skipping through the corridor and bob into the office without ceremony; and "Grandpa" was always glad to see them and to make much of them. Moreover, he expected his visitors of the moment to make much of them also.

This is one side of President Johnson's character, by the way, that may not generally be understood. Although his life of fighting for a career, for principles that made a career possible, had developed him into a stern, forbidding, uncompromising man, yet in private life Mr. Johnson was rather a pleasant man to be associated with. When he was with his children or his grandchildren he relaxed, and relapsed into what must have been his endowment

by nature — a genial, happy man for the hour — until official duties called him away from his family circle.

For his invalid wife Mr. Johnson manifested in many ways his real and abiding love. He was tender, considerate, anxious about her as few understood at the time; and Mrs. Johnson more than returned such feeling. She was, of course, very proud of him, for she knew how much harder he had been obliged to fight for eminence than if he had been born under other circumstances, and because he had won with such a handicap of poverty and lack of education, she was all the prouder of him. She was always solicitous for his comfort, telling Mrs. Patterson what he ought to have in the way of food, and how he liked to have this dish and that prepared, although Mrs. Patterson undoubtedly knew her father's tastes and looked out for them.

Mrs. Johnson always asked about his room, and invariably went every day to it to make sure that it was in order as her husband liked to have it, with everything in its proper place. And she was especially careful about the Pres-

ident's personal appearance, having realized long years before the importance of this. As a matter of fact, Mr. Johnson himself was particular to the point of fastidiousness about his dress, always wearing, when I knew him, a frock coat and a high, standing collar, well-fitting shoes or boots and carefully-cut trousers. But I am inclined to think that in his years of early manhood, when he first was married, he could not have been so particular, and that Mrs. Johnson's solicitous regard during the later years was a matter of long habit.

Mrs. Johnson's ideas as to the importance of proper dress were shown in her own case. She never wore extravagant clothing, but she always wore clothing of rich, expensive material, very simply but becomingly made. She knew the difference in fabrics and had excellent judgment as to them; and she employed the best dressmakers in Washington. Whenever she appeared in a new gown that was especially pleasing, the President's eyes would light up with pleasure and he would speak approvingly of it. Whereupon, being the dearest of old ladies, his wife would re-

turn an answering smile and pat him on the shoulder — just once, but enough to repay him for his compliment.

Mrs. Johnson was solicitous not merely for the members of her own family circle but for every one around her. Soon after arriving at the White House she gave instructions through Mrs. Patterson that she was to be informed whenever any of the servants or other employees of the Executive Mansion were ill, or in other trouble, or suffering bereavement. And until the day she left there she invariably looked after any who were suffering.

Her considerate kindness to those who were in distress was unusual. She would send not merely inquiries and words of cheer, but delicacies of all kinds, and flowers and personal messages, with regret that the state of her own health prevented her from actively looking after their needs. She was a good woman, a true Christian woman, although she was not a member of any particular church, so far as I know, nor could she have attended services if she had been. Perhaps it was due

to her influence more than to any other that President Johnson never used tobacco in any form, and seldom touched alcoholic beverages. I never knew him to go to the theater.

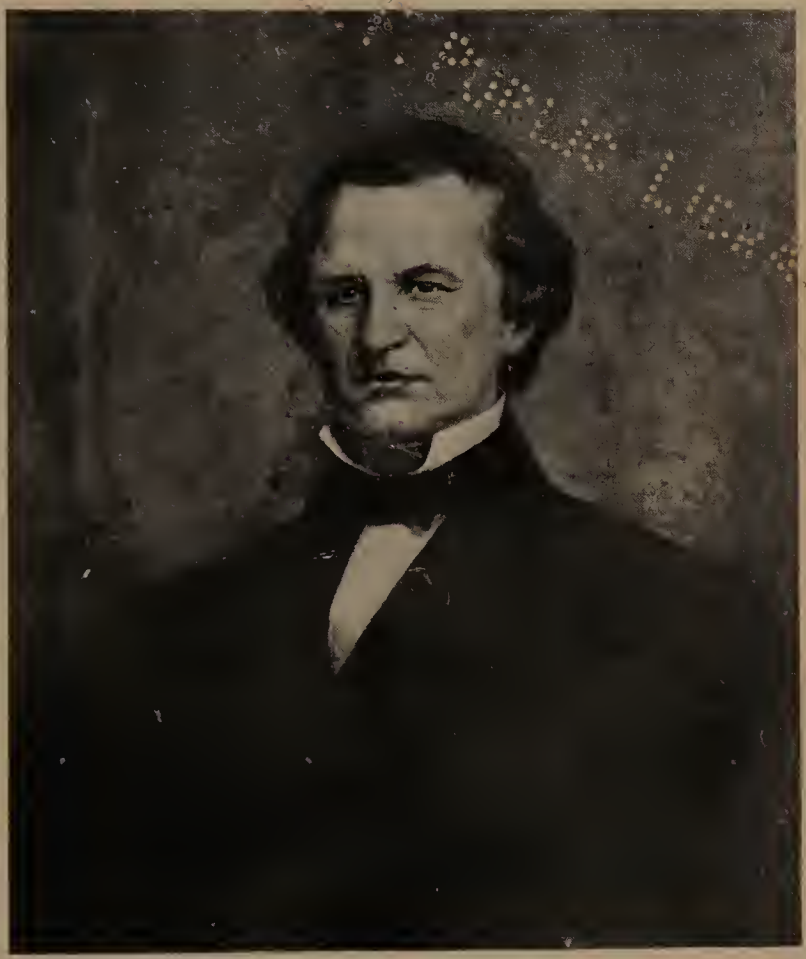
The President was a very busy man — next to Mr. Cleveland, perhaps, the hardest worker who lived in the White House during my forty-five years' experience there. He was in excellent health, but seldom took any exercise except when he would drive out into the country, and there, alighting from his carriage, walk up and down for an hour, his hands clasped back of him, while he thought out his policies and planned this measure or that line of action.

On other occasions he would take out to Rock Creek Park — a favorite place for recreation — his son Andrew and the five grandchildren; and there on a grassy slope the little folks would remove shoes and stockings and go wading in the soft water, looking for little fishes, trying to catch water-bugs or frogs, and having the best of good times, especially when Grandpa joined them in a contest as to who could skip stones the far-

thest and with the greatest number of skips. Better than almost any other memory of President Johnson I like to recall such pleasant afternoons when, for the moment, he and the little folks were all young together.

The usual state dinners were given during Mr. Johnson's administration, but Mrs. Patterson presided at them in place of her mother. The Thursday evening levees were also held for such of the public as wished to attend and meet the President. Mrs. Johnson was present at two public receptions, but she had to sit down for a part of each evening while the guests were passing by in the long line. The men and women attending the levees during the Johnson administration generally wore evening dress, although some occasionally appeared in plain clothing; and while a good many were present each Thursday evening, the people did not seem to come with the remarkable evidence of personal affection for the President that had been shown by those who attended levees during Mr. Lincoln's time.

It always seemed to me that there was no such cordiality shown by Mr. Johnson as was



Andrew Johnson

shown by his predecessor on such occasions. In the first place, President Johnson, though greatly loved and admired by some, was just as strongly disliked, even hated, by others — this, of course, because of his positive, assertive, well-nigh belligerent temperament and attitude.

And then, again, it must be remembered that he was in immediate contrast with not merely one of the most remarkable Presidents we have ever had, but one of the most remarkable men whom history records — a man who was so great in vision, so noble, so generous of heart and spirit, that every one who met him loved him. Mr. Johnson's supporters were loyal and came to the levees, but these receptions were not attended by all who could be present, irrespective of whether they accepted and indorsed his political policies, as was the case in Lincoln's time.

It was not deemed necessary for President Johnson to be accompanied by personal bodyguards, as President Lincoln had been, for the war was over, and while times of tumult were not entirely gone, yet the positive en-

mity had begun to disappear between North and South — more rapidly, perhaps, than would have been the case but for the tremendous, sobering shock caused by Wilkes Booth's dastardly crime. When the new President first took up his duties, soldiers were stationed in front of the Executive Mansion and at its rear; but these uniformed men merely acted as sentries and were soon withdrawn; after which none guarded the President or the White House except such special officers as acted in the capacity of watchmen. It so happened that I was selected to accompany President Johnson whenever he went to any formal affair — such as a cornerstone-laying or the unveiling of a monument — during his entire administration, excepting the time when he made his "swing around the circle," in the course of which he visited New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Cleveland, Chicago, and so on. But I never regarded my duties as being those of a personal guard to President Johnson in the sense that I had felt responsibility for Mr. Lincoln's safety.

President Johnson came back from this extended tour the most unpopular man in the country; venomously attacked by his political enemies, ridiculed and lampooned by opposition newspapers. Many people, hitherto undecided in their opinion of him, swiftly were growing to believe that he was a man to be suspected of almost any personal designs.

Of this hostile feeling both he and Mrs. Johnson were well aware, and I think that Mrs. Stover and Mrs. Patterson understood it, for certainly Senator Patterson kept informed of every development. But to me the remarkable thing was that in spite of constantly increasing anxiety neither the President nor his wife seemed to show any fear as to the final outcome. The daily routine was unbroken at the White House; there was the same calmness and cheerfulness about the family life; and knowing, as I did, what was going on, and the storm that was threatening the President, I marveled at it.

Now, however, I can see, as I have seen for many years, that the uninterrupted calm,

the undisturbed peacefulness of the family, was due primarily to the deeply reverent spirit of Mrs. Johnson, who was absolutely convinced of her husband's desire to do what was right, even though he might be mistaken.

She seemed to feel that in the end an all-wise Providence would bring order out of what was approaching political chaos. Sure of her husband's desire to do his best for the country, she was equally sure that right would prevail, and even during the long weeks of the impeachment proceedings — lasting from March 23 to May 16, when the verdict was rendered — she never lost courage, not for an hour.

I was in the Capitol that sixteenth day of May, anxiously waiting for the verdict. When the acquittal of the President was announced I sprang down the steps, ran the whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue at top speed and rushed up to the White House library, where the President and a few intimate supporters had gathered, to tell him the news. It is a pleasure now to recall that after delivering the message to Mr. Johnson

I hurried from the library to that little bedroom in the northwest corner of the Executive Mansion.

Hardly had I knocked on the door when I was told to come in. There sat Mrs. Johnson in her rocking-chair, her busy hands holding some sewing.

As I stepped through the doorway, somewhat excited, no doubt, she looked up with her gentle smile of welcome, and was about to ask a question; but I could not restrain myself.

"He 's acquitted!" I cried; "the President is acquitted!"

Then the frail little lady — who looked frailer than ever — rose from her chair and in both her emaciated hands took my right hand. Tears were in her eyes, but her voice was firm and she did not tremble once as she said:

"Crook, I knew he 'd be acquitted; I knew it. . . . Thank you for coming to tell me."

That was all she said, and I left a moment later; but I shall never forget the picture of that feeble, wasted little woman standing so

proudly and assuring me so positively that she had never doubted for one instant that her beloved husband would be proved innocent of the terrible charges that had been brought against him.

And I wish to say here and now that notwithstanding his temperamental shortcomings there never was a more truly patriotic President in the White House than Andrew Johnson.

One pleasant feature of President Johnson's family life in the Executive Mansion that I like to recall to my own children is that of the egg-rolling on Easter Monday. Then, as now, this celebration of the coming of springtime was considered a great event by all the boys and girls in Washington who were so fortunate as to be present. On the afternoon previous, the White House kitchen would be invaded by the youngsters of the President's family, who would have the merriest of times dyeing dozens and dozens of eggs, which would finally be put away safely for the next day's festivities. And when the next day came the long slopes to the south

of the big building would be invaded by a host of little folks who would roll their eggs down the inclines as their successors do at present.

On Easter Monday Mrs. Johnson would come downstairs and sit in the portico, sheltered from the winds, where she could see all the fun and hear the shouts of laughter; and I am sure that nobody enjoyed the egg-rolling more than she. After it was over she would return to her room and her rocking-chair.

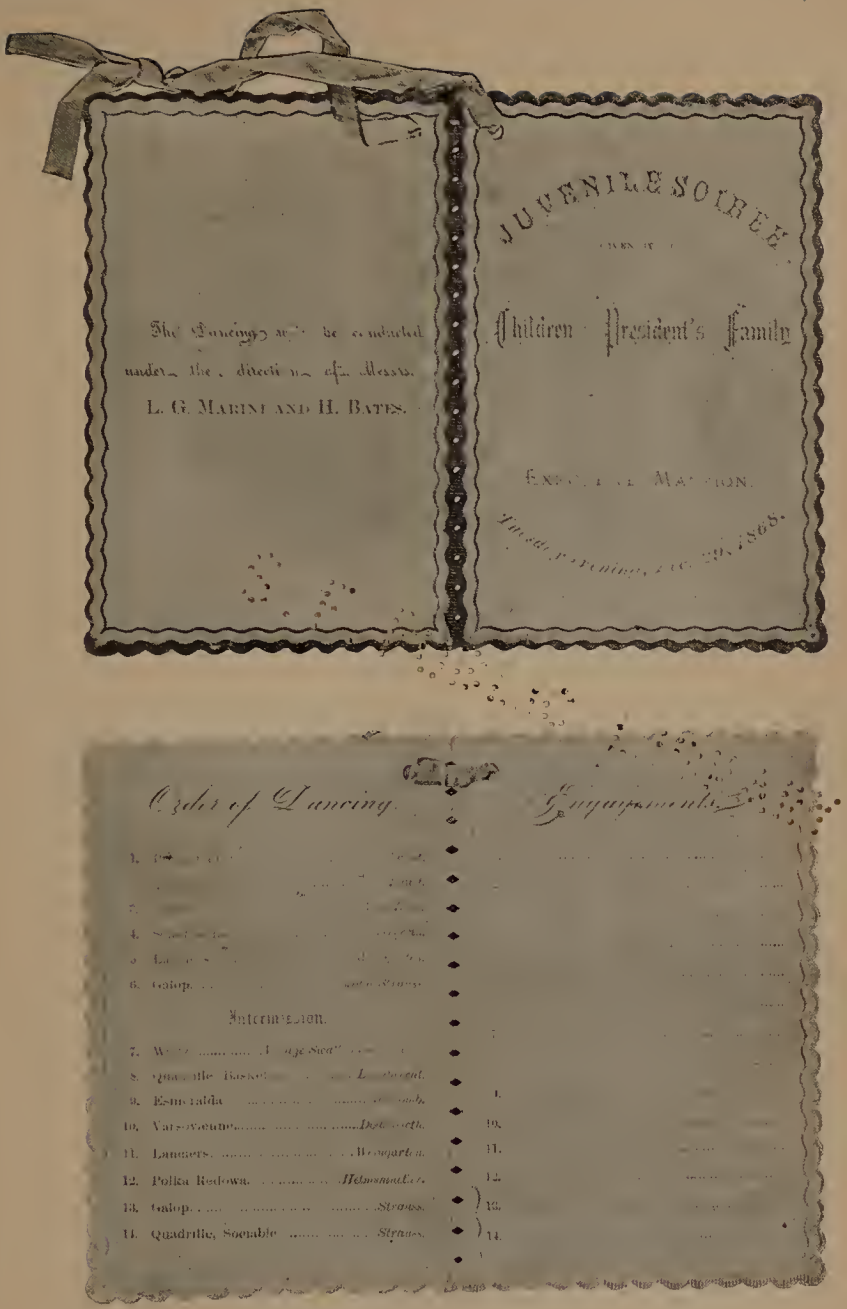
Then the great East Room would be thrown open and many of the children would troop in there for an unrestrained romp. The doorkeeper would use his judgment as to those whom he admitted, and generally he admitted a host, especially all the many friends of the little folks belonging to the President's family. They would race up and down the great room, singing, shouting, playing games of every kind that could be played indoors.

Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, and perhaps two or three other ladies, would be present; and sitting upstairs in her little rocking-chair, Mrs. Johnson would hear and rejoice in the childish voices below.

The first children's party ever held in the White House was given during President Johnson's term, on the evening of December 29, 1868 — the President's birthday anniversary. Young people of to-day may be interested in the facsimiles herewith reproduced of the invitation and the engraved order of dancing. Nowadays we would call such an event a children's dancing party, perhaps, or by some name other than the rather grandiloquent Juvenile Soirée.

It will be noticed that the engraved cards stated that the invitation was given by "The Children of the President's Family," so, of course, each of the grandchildren played an equal part with the President's son as host or hostess. One point that will be noticed was that the little guests were bidden to appear at six o'clock in the evening; and a very sensible thing, too. I am sure they enjoyed it all the more because they could come early and go home before their flying bodies and active brains were tired out by late hours.

As may be imagined, the rooms where the young guests danced and made merry were



Invitation and Order of Dancing of a Juvenile Soirée given by President Johnson's children

beautifully decorated with flowers. The great chandeliers were ablaze with lights, the music was the best of its kind, and the refreshments were all that could be desired and digested.

I suppose that, compared with some of the most lavish children's parties given in recent years by very wealthy families of Boston, New York, or Chicago, this first Juvenile Soirée held at the White House forty-three years ago might not be considered an elaborate affair. But old fellows like myself, and even such of the little guests of that evening as are living to-day, can still look back to it as a marvel of social elegance, even of questionable extravagance. For in those days the child had not wholly come into his own.

Nowadays, my young friends tell me, children dance the two-step and the waltz almost exclusively; and perhaps some of you who study the order of dancing for the Juvenile Soirée, here reproduced, may wonder what the Esmeralda was, and the Varsovienne, the Basket Quadrille, and the Quadrille Sociable! You will see in the dance order only one waltz number.

Finally came the first week in March, as it comes to all presidential administrations — the opening week of March, 1869. Grant was to be inaugurated, Johnson was to go out; and the staff of the Executive Mansion were looking forward to new things, to changes, to a varying routine in this and that. For more than forty-six years I have been continuously on duty at the White House, in length of service outdating any other man now living; and yet I feel a real sadness as the time draws near for one President to leave and another to come in; for I have been treated invariably with a kindness as well as with consideration to which my subordinate duties certainly have not entitled me.

The first few days of that March, 1869, were busy ones for all of us who had something to do with the personal side of the Johnson family. There was the packing of trunks, the gathering of personal belongings, the packing of boxes containing presents given members of the family by friends all over the country; and then, late in the evening of March 3, the departure of all but

President Johnson and Mrs. Patterson, who remained overnight in the Executive Mansion. The others went directly to the residence of John F. Coyle, one of the editors and owners of the old *National Intelligencer*, a short distance away, where they stayed but for a few days before returning to Tennessee, where they tried to settle down. Notwithstanding her feebleness, Mrs. Johnson outlived her husband for about a year, and every one of the others except Andrew Patterson is now laid to rest.

III

THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER PRESIDENT GRANT

The home life of President Grant and his family in the White House was distinctly unlike that of his two immediate predecessors, President Johnson and President Lincoln. To those of us who were actively engaged in the daily doings of the Executive Mansion — whether of stations higher or lower in point of responsibility — there never could be duplicated, of course, the wonderful atmosphere compelled by Lincoln's personality — radiant with hope even in the darkest days of the war; suffused with a love for mankind so universal that it was almost godlike; trembling with tenderness, yet firm as the everlasting hills when arose questions of right or wrong.

Furthermore, in the second place, all of

us whose lives centered in and around the Executive Office sincerely hoped that never again would we experience the turmoil and suspicion which made of the President's office an uncomfortable, seething cauldron during Mr. Johnson's unhappy administration. And in this respect our hopes were almost wholly carried out.

It must be borne in mind by those unfamiliar with official Washington, that in many respects the home life of a President's family in the White House is in great measure like the home life of a gentleman's family anywhere else. Sometimes, owing to a matter of temperament, this President or that one has permitted the official side of his experience to influence, even more or less to intrude upon, his family routine. But Grant was determined, from the hour he arrived at the White House as President, to keep his official life distinct and as far apart as possible from his home life. He felt that no matter how exalted was the office to which he had been elected, he had a right to his own family life; and he maintained it successfully.

This was easier for him, perhaps, for the reason that he and Mrs. Grant were accustomed to White House affairs and White House etiquette before they went there to reside. It will be remembered that from the close of the war, and until the day of his inauguration, General Grant had his headquarters in Washington, and with his family resided in a brick dwelling on I Street, near New Jersey Avenue, which is still standing.

During the Johnson administration, Grant stayed in the city, attending strictly to his duties, never going away to make campaign speeches or other addresses in the hope that by such means his political prominence would be increased. In common with all good men and true, General Grant liked to have the good opinion of his fellow citizens rather than their ill-will or even suspicion. But he never sought it by any of the familiar means employed from time immemorial by cheap politicians.

As has frequently been said of a famous British general, so it may be said of Grant — he did n't have to " advertise." Because of

his inherent greatness, evidenced by the deeds he had wrought, he was a world figure — although one would never get that idea from his manner; and I doubt if he ever realized it to the day of his death. Grant, like Lincoln, was modest to a degree, and well bore out the opinion, now become almost an axiom, that personal simplicity is almost invariably an accompaniment of true greatness.

The relations between Johnson and Grant, and their respective supporters, were such that the out-going President and his daughter, Mrs.Patterson, contrary to precedent, did not stay to receive their successors at the White House. Nevertheless, after having been inaugurated at the Capitol on that fourth day of March, 1869, President Grant and Mrs. Grant drove directly through Pennsylvania Avenue; and when they arrived at the White House they found the Blue Room and the Red Room and the Green Room filled with Army and Navy friends and others, all eager to welcome the newcomers; a bright, eager, merry throng, aglow with the excitement and exhilaration of the hour. And they gave the

new President and his family a welcome as cordial as it was sincere.

The contrast between this gay, light-hearted, happy arrival of President Grant's family, and the lonely coming of President Johnson's a few years previous, was almost painful. Here there was no gloom cast over the arrival, as in the previous instance, by the fact that half the country already was at loggerheads with President Johnson. There was no such anxiety as had been constantly felt concerning Mrs. Johnson's feeble health. There was none of the strangeness to new surroundings, no ignorance of White House etiquette, as was the case when Mrs. Johnson and her children and grandchildren had arrived. On the contrary, Grant was the most popular man in the country — a hero admired, believed in, trusted to guide to greatness and prosperity and influence the nation which even then had somewhat recovered from the shock of civil war. Every one wished him well, was eager to follow his leadership, to help him; and this feeling of sympathy and cordiality extended to the members of his family.

When the first greetings of welcome had been exchanged, soon after the newly-inaugurated President arrived at the White House, luncheon was served to all the guests, who shortly afterwards withdrew, leaving the President's family to get settled in their new home. Besides the President and Mrs. Grant there were present that day, as I recollect it, all their children — Frederick Dent Grant, a lad of nineteen years, who was then a West Point cadet, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Nelly, and Jesse.

Owing to various reasons social life at the White House was more imposing, more elaborate, during Grant's time than it had been during the Lincoln or the Johnson administration. For one thing the war was over, and the country was rapidly pulling itself together again. A million men had left camp and once more were back in their homes pursuing their usual avocations. Hundreds of thousands of families, reduced well-nigh to penury while the bread earners had been at the front, were regaining a condition of prosperity, in many instances a condition of af-

fluence. People could think of something else besides war; anxiety was ended as to the outcome of the long struggle; men and women felt the need of relief in social life.

Then, too, communication between Washington and other cities was easier. Ocean voyages were becoming shorter, and many more Europeans of high station crossed the Atlantic and visited the National Capital than ever before. And such foreign visitors brought with them standards of social life, an atmosphere of formality, more distinct than that to which American society in general had been accustomed.

All these things, and many others, could not but influence directly or indirectly the social life at the White House. Beginning with the Grant administration, therefore, it was necessary to be punctilious about a hundred little matters which before then might have been disregarded.

It so happened that the first housekeeper employed at the White House came there during the first administration of President Grant. A quaint little old lady was this

Mrs. Mullen, pleasant and bright, and perfectly familiar with all the duties required of her. In fact, she was so thoroughly capable and business-like, as well as so faithful, that Mrs. Grant soon became very fond of her. In those days the steward purchased all the table supplies, and with these Mrs. Mullen had little to do; but her duties included practically everything else connected with the housekeeping of the Executive Mansion — oversight of the servants, the care of the various rooms and the furniture, and the thousand and one details which must be looked after in such a large establishment.

Mrs. Grant had no secretary to attend to her correspondence, the great bulk of which was referred to the office for action. She used to receive an enormous number of appeals for help, for charities, for assistance, in aid of almost every cause that could be imagined. Being a warm-hearted, sympathetic woman, some of these appeals made a strong impression upon her. I can remember several instances when Mrs. Grant requested her husband to give this person or that a position

that was asked for, or to accede to some other request of like nature. She always called the President "Ulys," and, excepting upon the most formal occasions, he always addressed her as "Mrs. G." Both the President and his wife were plain people, simple in their tastes to an extent that would cause surprise to-day, when everything has so changed throughout the social fabric of the entire nation.

As an example of the unaffected personality of Grant, I recall one of his very infrequent visits to Washington during the war. It was not his habit, remember, to come to the National Capital whenever he had an excuse; General Grant's business was at the front, and there he stayed on active duty practically all of the time. But on the occasion referred to it was necessary for him to make a flying trip to Washington, and it so happened that he arrived in the city late in the evening on which one of the Thursday receptions was being given by President Lincoln to the general public — one of the old-fashioned "levees." As usual I was standing

opposite Lincoln, where I could scan the long line of men and women who came up to be presented to him.

The Foreign Ministers and other members of the Diplomatic Corps, in all their gorgeous uniforms and gold lace, accompanied by their wives and daughters gowned in Paris frocks, were passing the receiving party, and immediately after this most brilliant body of men and women came the highest officers of the army and navy, also in full-dress uniform, and then hundreds and hundreds of private citizens from all over the country, who stretched out in a long line, two by two, through the various rooms. But in that group of magnificently uniformed army and navy officers was one short, solidly-built man who wore a much-used service uniform, carried a slouch hat in one hand, and had an army overcoat thrown across his other arm. This man was General Grant. He had reached Washington on an important mission, and had hurried in a direct line from the railroad train to the White House, and thought nothing whatever about his personal appearance. Moreover, he

was so great and commanding a figure in the nation, that few others of the hundreds present noticed the strange contrast he made to the brilliant group which surrounded him.

Now, this plainness and simplicity was characteristic both of Grant and his wife when they came to reside in the White House; but it was incumbent upon them to modify their personal inclination to a certain extent because of the high official position they then occupied. It was because times and customs had changed so greatly in a few short years that the social side of the White House was much more elaborate and ceremonious than it had been under several previous administrations.

As distinguished from the purely social, or what may be termed the "entertainment" side, was the intimate family life of the Grants in the White House; and in this there was all the charming simplicity and unaffectedness which makes such a life successful. It must be remembered that in addition to the President and his wife and their children there were a great many visitors at

the Executive Mansion during Grant's occupancy thereof. Grant himself, of course, had a host of friends and former comrades-in-arms whom he esteemed highly and whom he always made welcome, and while he was not so fond of entertaining as his wife naturally was, yet he did his share.

Mrs. Grant was a woman of medium height, of rounded figure, with dark hair and hazel eyes, and a skin that betokened the excellent health she always enjoyed. She was energetic and lively of spirit, and very active indeed. She, too, had many friends in and around Washington, and quite a number of relatives, who often were at the White House; among them Mrs. Sharp, whose husband Grant afterward appointed Marshal of the District; and another sister, Mrs. Casey, whose husband was a prominent man before Grant appointed him Collector of the Port of New Orleans. Mrs. Casey, by the way, is living in Washington at the present writing. Then Mrs. Grant's brother lived in Georgetown — General F. T. Dent, one of the Secretaries to the President — and he and his wife and chil-

dren naturally were often at the Executive Mansion.

One of General Dent's daughters, "Madgie," as we all called her, was a great friend of her cousin Nelly Grant. The two girls were about the same age, and being vivacious and bright, they made charming companions. While I have been jotting down memoranda for this very chapter, "Madgie Dent" has called on me in the Executive Office of the White House. She is no longer Madgie Dent, however, but the wife of Major Lafayette E. Campbell, a retired army officer, and a wealthy mine owner of Denver.

Of course we talked of old times, and she reminded me of the occasions on which I used to take her driving about the city and suburbs when she was a little girl here. Furthermore she assures me that she is now a grandmother herself — but this I could hardly believe.

Other of the Dent children who made up a part of the merry company of young visitors at the White House during Grant's administration were "Jack" Dent — now Colonel John C. Dent, U. S. A., who, at the present

writing, is in Washington, awaiting retirement for disability. And little "Jack" Dent actually is a grandfather himself! The third of General Dent's children was a fine lad named Sydney, who is now practising law in California.

In those days children at the White House and elsewhere were not so much in evidence as they are in a majority of American homes at the present time. But all these mentioned, together with their young friends, made merry all over the Executive Mansion when permitted to do so, and spent many of their happiest hours in games and sports on the broad rolling acres at the south side of the Executive Mansion.

I was associated with Grant, especially during his second administration, more closely and constantly than with any other of the Presidents during my term of service in the White House, which began in Lincoln's time and has continued to the present day. And the family life of the Grants was as harmonious and equable as any that I have ever seen.

Grant himself was, of course, a man of complete self-control. Mrs. Grant, while cheery and of a very happy disposition, never knew what the word "excitable" or "nervous" meant; her calmness was unusual. In this respect she was much like the general. She accepted his desire that their family life in the White House should be as distinct as possible from his official life, and while she went to his office whenever she wanted to speak to him, yet she never appeared there until she had made sure that he was alone, and that she would not disturb him in his official business.

Ordinarily, Mrs. Grant dressed plainly, and, like Mrs. Johnson's, her clothing was of the best materials and made by the best dressmakers. She was not particularly fond of jewels, although, with due respect for the proprieties, she was willing to wear them on formal occasions, as was befitting the wife of the President.

Under ordinary circumstances the President and his entire family retired between half-past nine and ten o'clock at night, for Grant believed in getting plenty of sound sleep

whenever possible. Probably his tremendous exertions during the years of the war had taught him to value uninterrupted sleep as most people do not value it. They would breakfast at about half-past eight in the morning, soon after which Grant would go to his office for the transaction of business; and Mrs. Grant, after seeing the children started off to school, would hold consultations with her housekeeper and with the steward, and then settle down to her heavy correspondence. Likely as not, during the morning, some of her relatives or intimate friends would come to the White House informally, or she would spend an hour or two in the conservatory, of which she was very fond, or she would go shopping.

The entire family met for luncheon at about one o'clock, and they had such a good time at the table that nobody ever was absent willingly, or even late. Grant was at his best at the table with his wife and children; and for an hour or two after dinner in the evening he devoted himself to them wholly and solely.

When he was with these whom he loved so

dearly all his taciturnity would vanish, his stern expression would melt away, and he would be an affectionate, sympathetic father, delighting in the comradeship of his little people, sharing their plans and jokes, and prouder than anything else, I think, that they confided in him so freely all their hopes and fears and aspirations. This is the Grant I like to think of as much as I like to think, with a thrill of admiration, of Grant the grim, indomitable warrior.

In the afternoon Mrs. Grant usually went driving in her landau, either around the city or over to the Soldiers' Home, or along country roads just outside of Washington. Sometimes two or three of her children were with her, or other people; but she seldom went alone. The two horses were the finest that could be obtained for the White House stables, and the coachman and footman, negroes of unusual appearance, wore a dark, rich livery with silver-plated buttons. The coachman, Albert Hawkins, was tall, splendidly built, and intensely black; a powerful, smooth-shaven man, who sat on his box like the

statue of a grenadier; while the footman beside him, Jerry Smith, was only less imposing in appearance. Together with the carriage itself, and the horses and their harness, these men made an appearance strikingly impressive. They realized to the full the importance of what they considered their high official situation in life, and they showed it by their immovable dignity and extreme gravity on every occasion. When some of Grant's intimate friends, like the late A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, concluded a visit at the White House, he would be driven to the railroad station in this equipage, and invariably tipped each of the splendid colored men with a twenty-dollar bill. Mr. Drexel used to say it was worth forty dollars, any time, to ride in that carriage.

I suppose Grant himself sometimes went for a drive in his landau — when he could not very well help it; but what he enjoyed was to sit on the edge of the seat in a light racing buggy, pull the brim of his slouch hat down over his eyes, lean forward until his arms and shoulders were just above the dashboard, and,

by speaking a few words to the magnificent trotting-horse in front of him, sweep past every other pair of heels that was kicking up the dust of a smooth road. This he did on almost any beautiful afternoon when he could get away from the Executive Office. Grant was very fond of two forms of indoor games, — billiards and cribbage. So far as I remember, whist was not played at the White House — certainly not to any extent — during Grant's time there. But frequently in the evening, after the children had gone to bed, and when Mrs. Grant perhaps was engaged with wives of Cabinet Members or other ladies calling upon her, the President would send out for General Van Vleet or other of his warm personal friends, and would sit down to a game of cribbage, which he would fight almost as hard as he had planned and fought some of his military campaigns. In order that he might be able to play the other game whenever he had time to spare, Grant built a billiard-room out of a part of the old conservatory; and there he would generally go for a little while after dinner, practising with

cue and balls, and puffing clouds of smoke through half-closed lips, while he perfected himself in difficult shots and combinations.

The President took little exercise other than that afforded by the billiard table, excepting his walks about the city of Washington, and these he would take at almost any hour of the day, when he could spare the time, although he usually went in the late afternoon. He never thought of having any guard accompany him or follow him. Everybody in the city knew him by sight, of course, and he knew an enormous number of people, so that as he went striding or strolling along, as was his inclination at the moment, they would speak to him and he would return the salutation; and that was all there was about it.

When he had walked far enough to satisfy him he would turn around and come back to the White House for dinner. The era of American simplicity was by no means altogether past, and the idea that Grant might meet with assassination or other untoward happening when walking alone around the city never occurred to his friends, and, I

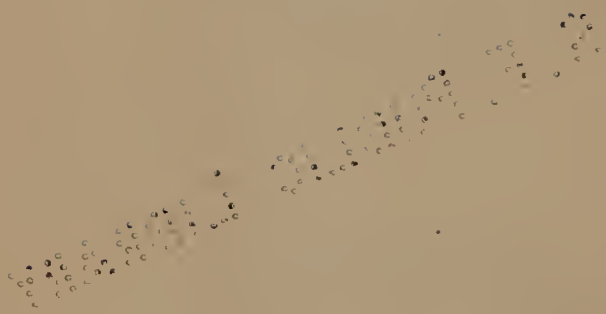
imagine, was the last thing that he could have thought of himself.

The White House was partially refurnished under Mrs. Grant's supervision after she came there to live, although the changes she made were not so extensive as in several administrations before and after that of her husband. Perhaps no feature of the refurnishing has been more widely known than what is called the "Grant Administration China," which, because of its beauty and elegance, was talked of at the time all over the world. The porcelain breakfast plates were of a delicate pearly white excepting for the broad border, which was of a soft old-rose tone, with a very fine line of gold around the outer edge.

The breakfast set was sufficiently elegant to command attention and comment, but it occupied a minor position when compared with the great dinner service, known as the "Flower Set" in the history of the White House china. Each of the scores and scores of dinner plates in this Flower Set contained, in the center, a large background of absolute white, on which were painted flowers. The artist who de-

A dinner plate of the special service ordered by Mrs. Lincoln for use at the White House

Plate of the special service ordered by Mrs. Grant for use at the White House



signed the set had used different flowers for each of the plates — lilies, roses, pansies; in fact I have been told that represented in the Grant "Flower Set" of the White House china may be found almost every flower native to the United States at the time the set was made; and there were no duplicates in the whole service. These dinner plates had graceful, fluted edges; and in the border between the edge and the central background of white was a crest executed in gold, of an eagle with partly spread wings, surmounted by a gold shield, and above the shield a group of stars. This motive — the eagle, the shield, and the stars — in some form is used generally on the china of all the various administrations, as well as on the social stationery of the White House, such as invitations to dinners and receptions. In a general way, the design somewhat resembles the seal used by the President.

In Grant's time the principal guest-chamber was on the south side of the White House and was furnished throughout in mahogany. The great bedstead was especially imposing, being

beautifully carved, and having a high canopy over its head. The old-fashioned bureau as well as the chairs and the table of the guest-room also were carved to some extent but not as elaborately as was the bedstead.

In those days there were no rugs in the Executive Mansion, the floor coverings being carpets, usually very rich and of beautiful design. It will be remembered by those who visited the White House years ago that the carpet covering the magnificent East Room had not merely been woven especially for it in one single piece of fabric — without seam or division whatever — but that it was so designed that it contained three great ornamental medallions down the middle, which corresponded exactly with three great medallions just above them in the ceiling.

This most famous room of the White House, by the way, was finished in a beautiful figured brocade of yellowish tint, the few chairs and sofas being covered with material of this color, and the vast expanses of high wall being overlaid with it. There was a large divan in the center of the room. All this

was done away with years ago, and to-day visitors at the White House find the East Room walls a beautiful, soft, spotless white, and the floor a great expanse of smooth, polished wood.

Notwithstanding her constant oversight of her children, her care of her husband, and her interest in many friends, Mrs. Grant had sincerely at heart the welfare of the servants in the White House. She was a very keen, level-headed woman; possessing in her way as much sound sense as Grant possessed in his. Even as far back as that time, forty-two years ago, Grant foresaw that F Street was destined to be the leading business thoroughfare of the city of Washington — although why he should think so was a mystery to most people, for to the ordinary observer there was little evidence of the development which has since come to pass exactly as Grant predicted it would.

And Mrs. Grant as well saw with unerring eye that not many years would pass before real estate in Washington would increase tremendously in value. During her

husband's first administration, Mrs. Grant used to explain to her servants the necessity for them to purchase homes of their own while the city was still small, and while modest homes could be obtained at modest prices. She took special interest in this matter, so far as the dining-room servants of the White House were concerned, and practically insisted that each of them should purchase a home for his family.

One of these servants, a colored man named Harris, was slow to take her advice. He did not realize that his mistress knew what she was talking about, and Mrs. Grant was so anxious for him to take advantage of the opportunity she saw that one day she sent for him and said:

"Harris, if you do not buy a home at once, and commence paying for it while houses are cheap, your opportunity will soon be gone. The time is coming when there will be a great change in real estate values all over the city. Washington will grow into a big place so suddenly that you will never again have the chance that you now possess. If you do not

go out and select a home and commence to pay for it, I will buy one for you myself; and I will take out of your wages each month enough to pay the installments."

Harris looked at his mistress who was speaking so decidedly, and he knew that when Mrs. Grant spoke she meant every word that she uttered. There was no alternative for him to choose. If he and his wife did not select the home they wanted and commence to pay for it, he knew that Mrs. Grant would select a home for him and would buy it on the installment plan just as she had said she would do. And that is the way that Harris came to have a little property of his own in Washington.

The history of Washington real estate in the last three decades has fully borne out the predictions made by President Grant and his wife. At the time she threatened to hold back part of Harris' wages and buy a home for him, he could have purchased a piece of land on which was an excellent brick house for four thousand dollars. The brick house has long ago been superseded on that lot, and the land itself is worth to-day not less than forty thou-

sand dollars. It was largely through Mrs. Grant's influence and wise advice that not a few of the old-time employees of the White House were enabled to make such sound investments as I have referred to.

During Grant's second administration I was placed in charge of the reception-room for visitors who called upon the President, and thereafter, until he left the White House again to become a private citizen, I stood as a buffer or breakwater between Grant and the general public. Of course, Cabinet Members and Senators and Representatives went in to see him at any time, but aside from these it was my business to interview all visitors, and sift them down to a minimum, making sure that every one should be brought to the President's attention who really had good reason for seeing him, and that, as far as possible, none should take up his time needlessly.

There was a great horde of office-seekers constantly besieging the President in those days, because the civil service had not then been put on a competitive and strictly business basis. While reform in the civil service had been

talked about, and had received the endorsement of many of our best men, yet as a matter of fact during Grant's life in the White House the President appointed whomever he chose to almost any office, or superintendency, or clerkship, throughout the entire ramifications of the Federal Government. This almost limitless power of appointment could not but bring down upon him a never-ceasing flood of applicants, for every possible situation that existed; and perhaps the most onerous part of my work was to try and keep that flood from wholly engulfing the President. I was only partially successful, and of course I was only one of a number who tried to save Grant from such ceaseless annoyance. In this respect, as in many others, times have changed mightily in and around the White House.

The days and weeks and months of Grant's eight years at the Executive Mansion flew by so rapidly that we scarcely realized that they were gone. This was not true to so great a measure, however, during the long, hot, summer months, when the President's family used to go to Long Branch as soon as Congress

adjourned in June, and remain there until October. I never accompanied him to Long Branch, but stayed in the office, from which important mail was sent to him, and papers of all kinds needing his signature. It was popularly supposed that President Grant enjoyed four months of rest and diversion each year at Long Branch, but this delusion was not shared by those of us in the Executive Office who knew of the enormous amount of business which he transacted at his summer home.

As I have already mentioned, the White House children during the Grant period were Frederick Dent, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Nellie, and Jesse. In a general way their history is familiar to every one. "Fred" was born in 1850, and was graduated from West Point in the class of '71. I have included him as one of the "children" because he was as bright and happy and genial as if he were really a little boy. Yet one of his own children was born in the White House. A few days ago I wrote to him — he is now Brigadier-General Frederick D. Grant, — and asked if he could help me to find any photographs of his father's

Long Branch. N. J.

Sept 16th 76

Dear Sir:

You need not send any Mails to this place after Tuesday next. Please so inform all the Depts. From Wednesday to Saturday, inclusive, they may be sent to me, Care A. J. Drexel, Phila. After that I shall go to Ottawa, thence to Washington D.C. It will not be necessary to send me anything after Saturday, by Mail, except to Washington, D.C., Dispatches will reach me any place on the road between my leaving Washington, D.C. a period of four or five days.

Yours &c.

U. S. Grant

Wm. H. Crook, Esq.
Ord. Dept

Facsimile of a note from President Grant to the author

family made during the Grant administrations. I have just received his reply, with which he most kindly sends the photograph here reproduced of General Grant and his family, the picture having been made the year before Grant went to the White House as President.

An additional interest in the picture may be given by the statement that so far as I can ascertain this is the first time it has ever been published. It is a very good group of portraits, and shows the members of the family with remarkable faithfulness, as they were at the time it was made. Unfortunately, only about one-half of little Jesse happened to get on the old-fashioned negative.

For some reason — or perhaps because of no reason at all — Ulysses, Jr., was always called "Buck;" and he was born only two years later than Fred. A very pleasant memory of his boyhood in the White House I have, too. He was a modest, retiring lad, as sensitive and kindly as a girl; but not lacking whatever in virility or manly spirit. This combination of apparently diverse traits re-

sulted in a character that might have been inherited from his father, as little Tad Lincoln's character certainly was a heaven-sent inheritance from *his* great father. At any rate "Buck" Grant was an unusual lad, and in spite of the high position and great fame of his renowned parent he never put on any "airs" whatever.

With his younger brother Jesse he attended school at the Emerson Institute in Fourteenth Street, and every morning a White House orderly would drive them there in a little wagon drawn by a pair of Shetland ponies. When I close my eyes, even now, I can hear the quick, staccato patter of the tiny hoofs, and can see the flying spokes of those whirling wheels, as the diminutive equipage started off through the White House grounds.

At school "Buck" Grant was very popular — quiet, calm, absolutely fair and square, and withal so sensitive that a cross word was more of a punishment to him than a severe chastisement would be to most boys. In the afternoon the same little wagon and the same little ponies would call for the lads and drive them

from school back to the White House. Later on "Buck" went to Harvard, where he graduated in 1874, and then studied law at Columbia. He married the daughter of Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, and then removed to California, where, a dozen years ago, he was candidate for the United States Senate himself. I wish he had been chosen. He would have done valuable and important work for the country.

As for "Miss Nellie," for so I always think of her, she was one of the loveliest characters it was ever my good fortune to meet. While at the White House she was a young lady, not a child, and being so happy and merry, and consequently so popular, she had a gay time there. Her bosom friend was Miss Barnes, daughter of the former Surgeon General of that name. Miss Nellie was the idol of her father, as every one knows, and Miss Barnes was one of her bridesmaids at her marriage to Mr. Sartoris.

Of course, the Wall Street difficulties, which involved General Grant in later years, were to his grown-up sons like a call to arms; and

they responded instantly, doing their best to find some way to save their father's fortune, and, when this was impossible, to help him pay off his indebtedness. The blood of the old general surely flowed in the arteries and veins of his loyal sons, undiminished in strength of character, honesty, squareness.

For instance, at the time of the disastrous Ward business in Wall Street, President Arthur offered Frederick Grant a position of quartermaster in the army, with the rank of captain. This office was for life, it pays a very good salary, and is much sought after. It was promptly declined, however, by Frederick, who told President Arthur that he had determined to devote the rest of his entire life, if necessary, to paying off the debts his father and others of the family had incurred. While in the army he would be well cared for personally, as he realized; but he would never have a chance of getting ahead sufficiently to wipe out old scores and leave a clean balance-sheet. And I am sure that Fred's feeling in this matter was fully shared by the other boys.

IV

THE WHITE HOUSE FAMILY OF PRESIDENT HAYES

President Hayes was inaugurated on March 5, 1877, because in that year the fourth of March fell on Sunday. He had taken the oath of office on the previous Saturday, March 3, for the reason that Grant's term would expire on Sunday, and it would not do to have the United States without any President for the ensuing twenty-four hours. The oath was administered to Mr. Hayes by Chief Justice Waite on Saturday, the ceremony taking place in the Blue Room of the White House, and at half-past seven that evening was announced the dinner given in honor of the incoming President by General Grant, the outgoing President. The guests all told numbered thirty-six persons, and, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, included Senator Sherman and the members of Grant's Cabinet.

This, of course, was the last state dinner given by Grant, and he had taken in its arrangement the deep personal interest which he always took when acting as host to any one. A copy of the menu lies before me on my desk, and is as follows:

MENU

Consommé Impériale — Bisque de Grevisse

sherry

Woodcock Patties — Salmon

white wine

Filet of Beef — Crawfish Pudding

Breast of Pheasant — Goose Livers — Roman Punch

Artichokes — Turkey

champagne

Canvas Back Duck — Warm Sweet Dish

red wine

The setting of the great room in which the banquet was held was truly magnificent. The lighting of the room was brilliant; flowers were everywhere; on the table were set many elaborate and beautiful "Fancy Pieces," as

we termed them, and here and there in artistic arrangement were rare fruits and enveloped sweetmeats of various kinds.

I had never met Mr. Hayes before he became President, and while that was only thirty-three years ago, it may interest some of my younger readers to know that he was a man of medium height, substantially built, although not portly. He was of erect, soldierly appearance, quick of step, somewhat florid of complexion, and wore a full beard of reddish tinge, which was already turning gray. Rutherford B. Hayes was one of the most lovable men, one of the "best-natured" men who has ever lived in the White House — of a rather humorous, light-hearted temperament, and of a disposition that was truly happy. He was easily approached by any one who had even an excuse for meeting him.

Of course, those of us employed in the Executive Mansion at the time had no definite idea as to what would be the attitude of the new President toward us; and I fancy that we were all rather anxious, as upon the individual personality of any President must

depend very largely the routine of the entire office, and whether the work goes along smoothly, methodically, easily, or otherwise. I had my first definite information as to President Hayes' kindliness of heart on March 6, the very next day after his inauguration.

On December 20, 1870, President Grant had appointed me an "Executive Clerk to the President of the United States," my term to date from December 1 of that year. And one of the last papers Grant signed as President, and which was dated March 3, 1877 — the very day he left office — is an order wherein he designated me "Disbursing Agent for the disbursement of the salary and contingent funds of the Executive Mansion."

This promotion to be disbursing officer at the White House was none the less welcome to me because it came on the day of Grant's retirement. At the moment I had no information as to whether the new President would continue me in that capacity or in any other employment; still it was a matter of deep and grateful appreciation on my part to realize that Grant, under whom I had served

Department of Justice,

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1877.

My President, Hayes

Wm H. Crook Esq., present executive clerk of President Grant in charge of the reception room, and has performed his duties to the satisfaction of everybody. He has been there since the time of Mr Lincoln.

He would like to remain, and if it shall be consistent with your arrangements, it will be well. Yours respectfully

Alphonso Taft

Facsimile of a note from Alphonso Taft to President Hayes

eight years, thought enough of me to make the appointment, which, of course, was one of much responsibility.

The new President assured me, however, the day of his inauguration, that there would be no change; and it was only a day later, on March 6, when he issued a corresponding appointment to Grant's, thus continuing my position, although there was no reason why he should have taken the trouble to do so, for under a ruling of the Treasury Department Grant's appointment would have continued until my resignation was asked for, or handed in voluntarily. But President Hayes liked to do that sort of thing — he liked to make members of his "office family" feel that he had a personal interest in their welfare; and so, in the midst of all the rush and hurry of his first three days of the Presidency, he actually took time not merely to think of me but to have the order of appointment made out, signed, and delivered. It is a matter of satisfaction to realize that from that day to this I have continued in the position of disbursing officer.

It was not long after the new President arrived in the White House that every one felt a new atmosphere. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and the following children: Webb Hayes, a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two years, who attended to his father's personal business affairs. It will be remembered that before coming to the White House Mr. Hayes had been a practicing lawyer in Ohio, that he had served in Congress, and had been Governor of Ohio. Being a careful, conscientious, able man, he was well-to-do in worldly goods, although by no means wealthy; and in order that his time should not be taken up by private business, when all his thought and effort belonged to the people of the United States, President Hayes turned over his private affairs to the keeping of Webb. During the time of Mr. Hayes's occupancy of the White House his eldest son Birchard was a lawyer, practicing his profession in Ohio, and while he made occasional trips to Washington, yet he did not reside in the White House.

The third son, Rutherford P. Hayes, was

in college during most of each year, although he was glad to spend vacation seasons with his parents in Washington.

The fourth child was little Fanny, about eleven or twelve years old as I recall her; and the "baby" of the family was Scott, a boy of about nine years, who was as full of innocent mischief as any boy on top of this green earth, and he was a great favorite with every one at the office.

I have mentioned the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes brought with them to the White House an atmosphere somewhat different from that to which we had been accustomed. Almost all of the Presidents, during my experience of forty-six years, have attended church here or there in the city, and in such sense have shown their acceptance of religious teachings. But Mr. and Mrs. Hayes actually lived their religion day by day, all through the week as well as on Sunday. By this I do not mean that they discussed religion, or theological questions, with those who came to the Executive Mansion; or in any other way obtruded their religious beliefs upon

others. But what they stood for in their religious life, they stood for hard and fast.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Hayes was one of the most influential members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; and contrary to all precedents, she was determined that wines and other alcoholic beverages should not be served at the White House, while she was there. The only time this rule was broken, as is well known, occurred when two Grand Dukes of Russia — Alexis and Constantine — were officially entertained there. This was the first and last time, I believe, that such a thing happened while President Hayes was in the White House.

The President and his wife, and usually some of the children, regularly attended service in the Old Foundry M. E. Church which stood at Fourteenth and G streets. The "Old Foundry," as it is locally known, has long since been superseded by the tall, imposing office structure known as the Colorado Building; and its origin was due to an incident which happened during the War of 1812.

At that period in our history, many of the

cannon were cast for the United States Government at a foundry owned by a man named Foxall, whose works were located outside of the city, on the road leading to Tenelytown. Upon the safety of his foundry depended not merely his own personal fortunes, to a great extent, but perhaps even the fortunes of the Federal Government; for in those days foundries in which cannon could be cast were few and far between. Realizing the seriousness of the situation, when the British descended on Washington, old Mr. Foxall prayed almost unceasingly that God would save his foundry from the enemy's depredations. And remembering, doubtless, some of the ancient Hebrews, the old man made a solemn promise that if the Lord God Almighty would prevent the British troops from discovering and seizing and destroying his property, he in return would perform for the Lord a special service of some sort, and as great a service as he was able to carry through successfully.

The British descended on the National Capital, but they did not destroy the Foxall

Foundry, and as soon thereafter as he could do so, Mr. Foxall purchased a piece of land and presented it as a site for the Old Foundry Church.

It was Mrs. Hayes's custom to go into the Red Room in the early evenings, after dinner, and sit down at the piano, gathering her children around her, and there they would make a beautiful picture of family life, singing hymns usually, but sometimes, during the week, sweet, old-fashioned, tender songs. The President almost always was with his wife and children during this brief hour of music, and it was his custom to go with them immediately afterward into the old circular library over the Blue Room, where family prayers were regularly said just before the smaller children went to bed.

The old library, by the way, was used by the Hayes family as a living-room, just as it had been used during the administration of General Grant. There the father and the mother and their boys and girls gathered for games and stories, or sat down quietly and read; and there the children often studied their lessons for the next day's school.

Rutherford B. Hayes and Mrs. Hayes

President Hayes was not so closely confined to his office as some of the later Presidents have been. After breakfast he would make it a point to spend half an hour with his family, instead of rushing off to business as is the habit of so many American fathers who are engrossed in professional or commercial pursuits. There was a delightful air of leisurely living in the White House during the Hayes administration, and when it came time for the President to go to his office, Mrs. Hayes frequently walked with him, chatting as they passed along through the corridor, and turning only when the office door was reached. Then, while the President was disposing of his mail, — always the first duty of the day, — and later on, from eleven until twelve, receiving Senators and Members of the House of Representatives, Mrs. Hayes would be busy with her housekeeping and her children. Luncheon was served at one o'clock and was as simple and homelike as could be imagined.

The social life of the White House during the Hayes administration was as elaborate as

during Grant's terms; but the family life was just as simple as it had been while the Grant family occupied the Executive Mansion. In pleasant weather, it was the habit of President Hayes and his wife to take advantage of favorable opportunities when they could, and stroll together through the grounds, especially to the south of the White House, where they would be sure of some measure of privacy; and they used to walk over the green turf, and under the trees and around the fountain, admiring the shrubbery, pausing to talk about the buds and blossoms, and enjoying the breath of nature with a zest that was positive.

It was during Mr. Hayes's term that a croquet ground was laid out on the lawn just beyond the south portico of the Executive Mansion. There the children and their friends could frequently be seen, and there also, at certain times — especially when the President's family was out of the city — quite a number of the clerks on the White House staff used to spend an hour now and then in the cool fresh air over hard-fought

games with mallet and ball. This freedom on the part of the younger men whom Mr. Hayes affectionately included in his "office family," was a delightful experience for them, and I doubt if public business suffered in any way because those hard-working young fellows were permitted, once in a while, to lay down their pens and go out to the croquet grounds. But that custom has long since gone by, and the idea that clerks nowadays would seriously think of playing croquet or tennis or anything else on the White House grounds during business hours would cause consternation in the office. For a good many years past the business of the Executive Office has been run strictly on business principles, as in any industrial or commercial establishment, and it is not to be expected that the old-time leisurely manner of conducting its affairs is ever likely to return.

Mrs. Hayes was exceedingly fond of flowers and all forms of plant life. She knew a great deal about this side of nature, and she spent much time and thought in the conservatory, where she could often be seen at practical

work among her plants, trowel in hand or pruning-knife, teaching Fanny and little Scott how to care for the beautiful buds that came into being, and matured, and gave way to others. She was a very busy woman, too, during her life in the White House, and I think she enjoyed it thoroughly, as a novel experience, notwithstanding the fact that while there she was denied the privacy of her old home life. Many delegations of women engaged in work for the uplift of humanity called upon her, especially those interested in the cause of temperance, and these she always seemed glad to receive. It could hardly be otherwise when one remembers her own deep interest in all such matters, and the prominent and influential part she played in them.

As a rule she did not attend public meetings, excepting those held in aid of good causes at church; but there she could frequently be seen. In July, 1889, after her death, a great memorial service was held in honor of Mrs. Hayes at the Old Foundry Church by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The

services were presided over by Mrs. S. D. LaFetra and included addresses from a number of persons concerning Mrs. Hayes and her work, together with the singing of her favorite hymns. It was my privilege on that occasion to speak of Mrs. Hayes as I had known and seen her almost daily for four years in the White House.

It has often been said that when parents are strictly opposed to the use of tobacco or alcoholic beverage, or to dancing, or card-playing, their children, or some of their children, invariably swing to the other extreme of the pendulum on reaching mature life, and frequently are victims of dissipation in one direction or other. Perhaps this may be so when parents are unreasoning fanatics; but such Mr. and Mrs. Hayes emphatically were not. They taught their children the uselessness, as they saw it, of spending money for tobacco, and of the positive danger of alcoholic beverages. They instructed their children wisely and with sweet reasonableness in these and other matters, and safeguarded them successfully by thus forewarning them of

dangers which almost all men, and which many young women, face as they go through life.

The result of this loving care proved its worth. Mrs. Hayes's daughter and all of her four sons are to-day healthful, happy, and eminently successful in their responsible stations in life. Not one of the boys ever uses liquor or tobacco in any form, and I do not believe that they ever will. And, of course, the same thing may be said of the daughter.

I do not wish to be understood as trying to give the impression that upon Mrs. Hayes alone rested the entire responsibility of the bringing up of her family. Her ideas as to the right way of living were shared to the utmost by her husband. And they carried out these ideas quietly, calmly, with sympathetic tenderness, each bearing equal responsibility and being glad to do so.

Notwithstanding the tremendous turmoil caused by the counting of votes at the end of the Hayes-Tilden campaign, everything suddenly became quiet immediately after the President's inauguration, and few if any other

Presidents have enjoyed a calmer term of administration in the White House. It will be remembered that the election was so close as to necessitate a decision by the highest tribunal that ever met in this country, — the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the Supreme Court of the United States, passing final opinion as to whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected President. So much in earnest were Mr. Tilden's supporters and so violent were some of the unthinking among them, that for a time it was common to hear threats made on the streets that they were determined to seat him in the White House if they had to bring an armed force to Washington for that purpose.

Although a dozen years had passed since the close of the Civil War, men's passions were yet easily aroused, and the threats referred to reached the ears of President Grant, who quickly put a quietus on the movement to seat Tilden whether or no, by asserting that whoever was declared by the Senate and House and Supreme Court to be elected President, he himself would see inaugurated.

Grant made this assertion just once and allowed it to become known to the public; and the public knew that when the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States made such an assertion — and when that official was Ulysses S. Grant — he would carry out his announced plan, no matter what happened.

Consequently from the day that Grant's declaration was made public Mr. Tilden's ill-advised followers uttered no further threats. Their mouths were closed instantly and permanently. All that is well-known history to most of my readers, but the surprising thing is that so soon afterward, immediately upon his inauguration, President Hayes was accepted cordially by practically the entire country. Of course, there were a few who still insisted that his election was fraudulent, in spite of the decision rendered; but these few were so insignificant in number and influence that they made no impression upon the nation at large.

At this point I am asked, by my collaborator, who were the strongest enemies Mr.

Hayes had during his administration. And I am compelled to reply that President Hayes had no enemies such as most other Presidents have had. He had political opponents, who disagreed with him as to policies and measures and plans generally; but of enemies, who were trying to fight him and control him and upset him, who were intriguing to demolish his influence and to ruin his career, he had none. Men could differ from him on public questions, but nobody could hate Rutherford B. Hayes, and this because of his lovable character.

It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, as we all know; and it is a good rule that will work both ways. President Hayes lived according to what was a good rule. He hated nobody, and nobody could hate him. His friendliness and sympathy were at all times extended to those with whom he came in contact; and as a result he enjoyed their good will and sympathy.

There were some persons — and perhaps there are some to-day — in whose opinions President Hayes was what is sometimes

termed a "soft" man, — one easily influenced against his will. We, who saw him at close range, however, realized that he was able, keen, sharp; a man who instantly saw through pretense. As an indication of his ability to take care of himself under any circumstances, and of his caution, I may repeat what I have said elsewhere, — that he was the only President, certainly the only President during the last half century, who invariably had a stenographer present in his private office. No matter who came to call upon President Hayes, the visitor never saw him alone. At a table in the office sat Mr. Gustin, an expert stenographer, whose business it was to take down in shorthand everything that was said to President Hayes, and every word that the President said in reply, excepting when some one, such as a member of the President's household, would come in and talk upon some purely personal matter.

In this way President Hayes protected himself to an extraordinary degree. It was impossible, under the circumstances, for any political opponent later to assert untruthfully

that in the Executive Office President Hayes had told him that he would do so and so; or that he would not do so and so, for the President had ready, for instant proof, a stenographic report of every word spoken by him and by the visitor who came to his office — and this was well known to be so.

The children of the White House during the Hayes administration had many friends, and enjoyed themselves in what is termed a good old-fashioned way. There was no dancing in the Executive Mansion, there were no lawn parties, or card parties, or musicales. As a matter of fact, there has been little real gayety in the Executive Mansion until comparatively recent years. The first children's party was given during President Johnson's administration, as I have already mentioned; and the first Christmas tree ever put up in the great white building was yet to come in President Harrison's time. Nevertheless, the Hayes children did not lack for amusement. The martial atmosphere, so long enveloping Washington, had become dissipated, and little Scott Hayes did not "play soldier" as Tad

Lincoln had done. But he and Fanny used to run around, — busy, happy little children engaged in a thousand and one pursuits, — and would unhesitatingly come into the office whenever they wanted to do so.

I liked all of the children, of course, but my special pet was little Fanny — then a girl of about eleven years, if recollection serves me. For some reason she seemed to like me, also, and frequently she would come trotting to the office, where I sat at my desk, and climb up on my knee, and demand pen and ink and paper. Whereupon she would gravely lean forward over the desk and indite a note addressed to me, with much care and much puckering of her otherwise smooth little forehead. Some of the childish messages, written on bits of paper, I carefully preserved, and I am glad to look at them once in a while, when they bring to my mind the lovable, happy little lass who composed them with so much effort. One of them which I hold in my hand is as follows:

Scott and Fannie Hayes

FEB. 9th 1879

Dear Sir, — I am very much obliged for the French writing-book.

Your affectionate Friend

FANNY HAYES.

The single sheet of paper on which this is written was carefully folded over, and on the outside it was addressed thus:

Private

MR. CROOK

Washington, D. C.

Fanny and her little brother, Scott, used to come to me whenever they wanted pencils or paper on which to draw pictures, or little rubber bands, which they seemed to value highly; and, of course, I made sure to have a sufficient stock of such childish treasures on hand for my little visitors.

Among the many friends of these two youngest members of the President's family were the children of the President's Secretary, Mr. W. K. Rogers, who had studied for the ministry in Ohio before coming to Washington. He had one daughter, a son, W. K.

Rogers, Jr., who was about fifteen years old; and the baby of his family was another son, little Andrew, who was between four and five when I first knew him. Mr. Rogers lived near the White House, and having known Mr. and Mrs. Hayes intimately for many years, his little people were at the Executive Mansion almost every day as playmates of the President's youngest children. For some reason little Andrew Rogers at once adopted me as his special friend among the grown-ups in the Executive Office, and one of the first things he would do on arriving would be to come over to my desk, looking very mournful, climb up on my knee, and sit there silently for a moment. Whereupon I would say:

"Good morning, Andrew, I hope you are feeling well to-day?"

"No," the little fellow would respond with a sigh, "I have a cough, and if I do not do something for it, I am afraid it will get worse."

Then I would open what I called the "children's drawer" in my big desk, and take out half a dozen harmless cough drops, or

bits of horehound candy, and as soon as he placed one of these sweeties in his dear little mouth he would immediately recover from that terrible cough, and after thanking me politely, would trot out and find the other children. For some reason Andrew's cough never got beyond the stage of early recovery — I guess it was because he used to come to my desk for cough drops pretty nearly every day.

Other friends of Fanny and Scott Hayes were my own children, Harry and Carrie. All four were about of an age and frequently played together in the White House grounds or over at the Soldiers' Home, just outside of the city, where President Hayes spent the summer. Fanny was a plump, chubby, merry little mite of humanity with hair brown, but not quite so dark as her mother's. She was a very handsome child, and with great good sense Mrs. Hayes dressed her simply and becomingly. At the time of her father's presidency she had grown beyond the "doll-baby" stage, and was very fond of books, especially of fairy tales. Little Scott Hayes was lively as a cricket, and like his sister

Fanny, and his big brother Webb, closely resembled his mother in general appearance.

Rutherford P. Hayes, even at that time, was deeply interested in the study of botany. During his vacations from college he used to spend most of his time out of doors examining and gathering specimens of plant life, not merely in and around Washington but throughout various adjacent sections of Virginia and Maryland. He was of studious habit from boyhood, and went about his self-chosen task methodically and with unflagging interest. He mounted his specimens on a particular kind of bristol-board, the sheets of which were cut to a convenient size, and these he used to obtain from my stock.

Owing to a lack of room in the White House, Rutherford could not have a study of his own wherein to prepare the specimens he gathered, so he did most of his work in a little room at the northeast end of the White House, which at that time was used as a telegraph room. There he used to classify and mount hundreds of specimens, study them, and make records for his own purposes. Liv-

Rutherford, Birchard, and Webb Hayes

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ing so much of the time in the open, and inheriting health and an equable temperament from both parents, Rutherford was a fine type of young man, — strong, hearty, rollicking, and full of fun. He is now engaged in forestry work down in the Carolinas, and, like the other Hayes children, has done unusually well in life.

During Mr. Hayes's presidency his son Webb was a young man in the early twenties, and he also loved to be out of doors, being especially fond of hunting. Whenever I could get a day or two of vacation I went with him down in Virginia to hunt deer or quail or duck or geese. I remember one time when Webb and I started for Old Point Comfort and there met Captain Lafayette E. Campbell, of the Quartermaster's Department, with whom arrangements had been made beforehand. The captain had ready a good-sized power launch stocked with provisions, and an excellent negro cook, and we steamed far up the James River, turning into a stream which branched off through a stretch of lowland country. Here and there lived a few families

of "poor whites," who earned a living, such as it was, principally by fishing, and by extracting from a peculiar kind of fish a fatty oil, which they would send to the nearest town for sale. We were out after wild geese on that hunting excursion and had been told that plenty of them could be found in the lowlands. So when we reached a favorable locality the launch was tied up, the cooking tent was set up on shore, and we all got ready for the hunt.

There was no question as to the presence of the wild geese; we could hear them at night all around us, but they must have been informed of Webb Hayes's prowess as a hunter, for during the several days of our sojourn there none of us got within gunshot of a single goose. But we enjoyed the outing all the same, especially the long frosty evenings when we would gather around the roaring camp-fire. As soon as it was really dark some of the "poor whites" already alluded to would come floating down the winding little stream in small boats or in canoes, and, stepping ashore, sit down by the fire, and inspect our party.

Word quickly passed from one to another that strangers were in the vicinity, and they wanted to find out who we were. During the first evening or two they would answer questions simply enough, although they were by no means of a communicative disposition; but somehow they learned that one of our party, Webb, was a son of the President of the United States, and from that time on we could hardly get a word out of them. They came down to see us as usual, but on arriving they would simply sit around near the fire and look at Webb, and look, and look, without question or comment. It was amusing to Captain Campbell and to myself, but I don't think the young man enjoyed being the object of such close and constant observation.

On another occasion Webb invited me to go on a deer hunt down in Virginia. We went to Petersburg, and there we joined Colonel Brady, Collector of Internal Revenue, Congressman Joseph Jorgensen, and a third gentleman, whc had a fine two-horse spring wagon ready for us, into which we stepped

and rapidly drove down to Dinwiddie Court House, ten or a dozen miles distant, as I recollect the drive. There we found a few houses, and there we spent several days hunting quail and deer. The game was plentiful, especially the white-tail deer, which would lie around in the fields during the daytime, resting in the sage brush like so many huge rabbits.

Colonel Brady and Mr. Jorgensen had made excellent preparations for the hunt, and in the morning fifteen or twenty farmers would gather at the appointed place, well mounted and accompanied by their hounds. The guests of the hunt would be taken into the woods and would be placed near some of the well-trodden paths known as "deer-runs," by means of which the white-tail were accustomed to traverse the forests. Then the farmers would take their dogs around through the woods, starting up deer, which would soon come bolting down the runs at breakneck speed; and as one of the leaping creatures would dash past him, the hunter was supposed to fire at it. The deer had every chance to

escape, and as a matter of fact the entire party succeeded in getting only one, which was shot by Webb. A number of others were seen, but they scented danger long before we could "draw a bead" on them, and springing away from the familiar "run" they would flash into the almost impenetrable forest and instantly disappear.

It was on the occasion of this deer hunt near Dinwiddie Court House, by the way, that I first learned how much good sense an intelligent horse possesses. Dr. Smith, father of John Ambler Smith, who was later a Representative in Congress from that district, had provided a mount for me, — a highly intelligent thoroughbred mare. I had become so interested in waiting for the deer, one day, that I neglected to keep a sharp look-out as to the direction in which I was riding alone through this great forest of fox-tail pines. The trees rose to a great height, and the ground was covered with heavy underbrush.

Suddenly, from afar off, I heard the faint notes of a horn giving signal for the hunters to return to Dinwiddie Court House. I lis-

tened intently, trying to make out the direction from which the notes came, but was absolutely unable to determine it. On every side the seemingly endless forest looked the same; and I realized that I was lost. While sitting there in the saddle and wondering which direction I had better try first, one dog after another came trotting through the underbrush, more or less blown after a hard chase, looking anxiously at me and then at each other, sometimes running off a few steps in one direction, and then in another, evidently trying to decide where they should go. The horn sounded again, more faintly it seemed than before. At that, the dogs gave evidence of their anxiety by sitting down in a group around the horse and howling.

Then Dr. Smith's mare turned her head around, looked inquiringly at me with her beautiful intelligent eyes, and seeing that I made no objection, she started off without the least hesitation, in a bee line, straight through the underbrush of the forest. I let her have her head, and the half dozen dogs silently trailed after us. On we went through the

forest, for a long time, when we suddenly came to its edge, and I found myself facing the broad, smooth turnpike which leads to Dinwiddie Court House. But whether we ought to turn to the right or to the left I did not know, so I let the mare decide, and she chose her way without the slightest hesitation, and in less than an hour we were at our destination.

The tranquil life of the Hayes family in the White House ended as naturally and as easily as it had commenced and continued during the four years. We were all sorry to see them go, for somehow we in the office felt that Mrs. Hayes had brought with her and would take away that atmosphere of rare tenderness which we employees might never experience again; and I am convinced that every man and woman at work in the White House was truly sorry to see the family leave it. Not merely the whole office force did its utmost to please President Hayes in every possible way, but all the servants of whatever capacity. I never knew an employee or a servant to be reprimanded during the four

years when Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were in the White House.

The last time I saw Mr. Hayes was the last day he ever spent in Washington — during the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1892. A reviewing stand had been erected near the corner of the Treasury Building, fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, where a number of persons sat watching the great procession, and close to this stand a little refreshment room had been arranged, the luncheon having been sent over from the White House, and being served by White House waiters. I was standing at the entrance of this little refreshment room when I happened to look up Pennsylvania Avenue and spied Hayes turning the corner of Fifteenth Street with his comrades. I hurried down the line and met him before he reached the stand, and invited him to drop out of the ranks and rest there. He did so, and remained until the parade was through.

That evening I called upon him where he was visiting a friend, and we talked of many things that had happened in years gone by.

He seemed glad to have me recall scenes which had been familiar to both of us, and in which Mrs. Hayes had been the leading figure — little happenings of their quiet, happy, home life in the White House; and when I left him it was with the hope that I might often have the privilege in future of sharing such reminiscences. But this hope was not to be fulfilled. Mr. Hayes never again came to Washington; and before long he laid down his peaceful, happy life here in order to join his wife in one still more peaceful and happy — as he had always expected to do.

V

WHITE HOUSE MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND PRESIDENT ARTHUR

One of the first evidences I had that President Garfield's family had taken up their home life in the White House occurred a few days after the fourth of March, 1881, when the new President was inaugurated. On the third of March, President Hayes had given a great banquet in honor of the incoming administration, and the office force was trying to settle down to routine, when I happened to go on an errand which took me along the great corridor running through the main floor of the Executive Mansion. I was walking rapidly, thinking hard about the errand, looking neither to the right nor to the left, when suddenly, just as I reached the foot of the grand staircase leading to the living rooms of the President's family on the floor above, I

was startled by a shrill cry of warning shouted in a boyish voice:

"Hoop-la!! Get off the track or you 'll be run down!"

Without an instant's hesitation I sprang to one side, and as I did so quickly glanced upward. And there, perched on one of the old-fashioned bicycles with a high wheel, was President Garfield's young son Irving, coasting down that staircase like lightning. In an instant he had reached the foot of it, "zipped" across the broad corridor, and with skill little short of marvelous turned into the East Room, the flashing steel spokes of his wheel vanishing like the tail of a comet.

I stood still for a moment and gasped. I confess that I was paralyzed for that moment. That any small boy, even a son of the President of the United States, would dare to start at the head of that great staircase on a bicycle and coast down it was almost unbelievable; and that he would do so as successfully as a trained circus performer was beyond my comprehension. These thoughts flared their way across my astonished brain

in the fraction of a minute, and the next second I sprang forward to the door of the East Room to pick up the dismembered remains of Irving Garfield. But it was not necessary. That enterprising American youngster was still on his high wheel, and was treading it around and around the great East Room with evident satisfaction to himself, wholly regardless of two or three attendants who stood with their backs as close as they could get them to the wall, their faces gray with horror and apprehension, as the young human comet flashed past them in his orbit around and around the most magnificent apartment of state in the Western Hemisphere.

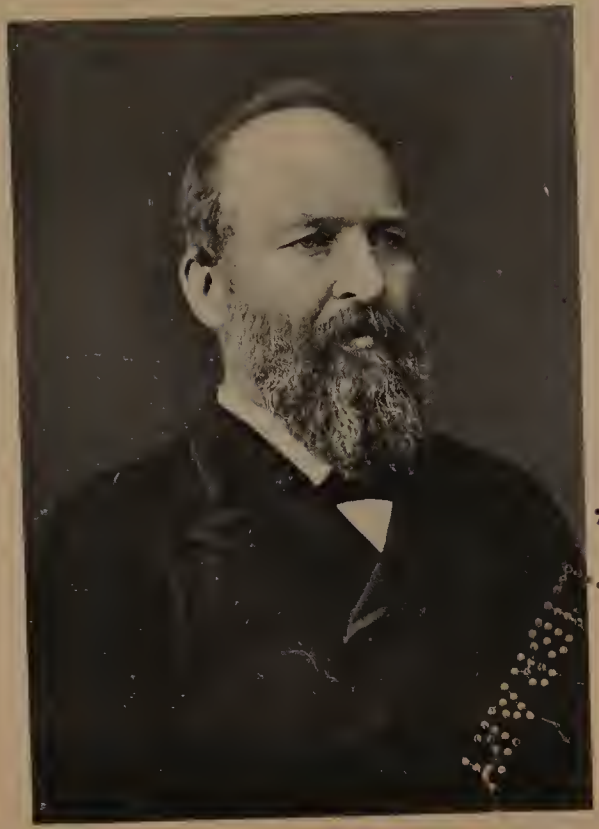
But before many weeks had passed by, I got used to such boyish pranks, as did the doorkeepers and the servants of the Executive Mansion. For every once in a while, when the President was surely engrossed in some protracted meeting in the Cabinet Room or elsewhere, and when Mrs. Garfield was away — driving into the country perhaps — young Irving Garfield did not hesitate to

bring three or four of his boy friends and their bicycles into the East Room, where they would hold a series of races. The room was eminently suited to such purposes, because it contained little furniture and because of its spacious extent. The carpet, too, was firm and smooth, although soft enough to prevent the wheels from "skidding." It is needless to say that such pranks never came to the knowledge of either President Garfield or his wife, for no member of the White House staff would tell tales out of school. It was not our business to regulate such affairs. But this example had a curious precedent.

Shortly before that time bicycling came into general use in this country, and when President Hayes's family were away for the summer, several of the clerks in the Executive Office purchased wheels and learned to ride by practicing in that same East Room. That such a thing could ever have happened in the White House seems almost incredible to-day, but it is a fact, and only shows what great changes for better discipline and more business-like conduct of affairs have taken place in the last three decades.

President Garfield was fifty years old when he came to the White House, and Mrs. Garfield was but one year younger. Both had risen from humble stations in life, and like so many other young men and women in that generation they had studied as hard as they had worked. They had absorbed unconsciously the atmosphere of progressive culture while Garfield was making his way to the presidency of Hiram College, — at the age of twenty-six years, — and then through an increasingly important political and military career. Consequently, when they came to live in the White House, they stood on perfect equality with personages of the highest social station in Europe as well as in this country.

Mrs. Garfield was at the White House for only about three months before she became ill, and was removed to Long Branch in June, because the heat of a Washington summer already had commenced. And it was only a month later when the President was shot. For this reason there are comparatively few details to be told concerning the Garfield family life in the White House; and for the



James A. Garfield

Mrs. Garfield

same reason it was not my privilege to become as well acquainted with President Garfield's family as would otherwise have been the case.

Mrs. Garfield was rather slender than plump, with a sweet, pleasant face and dark hair and eyes. The Garfield children were James Rudolph, Harry, "Mollie," Irving, and little Abram. James and Harry were then preparing for college, and a small room at the northeast end of the White House was set aside as their study. I had a large desk made for this room, seating four people, with a set of drawers on each of the four sides, — the only desk of its kind I ever saw. And there the boys studied every morning and every afternoon, together with Donald, the son of Colonel Rockwell, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, who was an intimate friend of the Garfield family. Each day their tutor arrived,— Dr. W. H. Hawkes, who later practiced medicine in Washington and has since died. James and Harry were both of studious habits and paid close attention to their books, as did young Rockwell.

All of the boys and their tutor were punctual to the minute, working hard from nine o'clock until lunch was served, and also spending most of the afternoon over their books.

When a President is inaugurated, he is so occupied with new duties that no formal entertainments of a social nature are given by him until the following New Year's Day; consequently, there was no elaborate entertaining of guests during President Garfield's short occupancy of the White House. The children invited their young friends there, and a few intimates of the President and his wife called on them and sometimes stayed to lunch or dinner. Other than these, however, there was no attempt made to entertain. I never happened to see dear old " Grandma " Garfield — the President's mother. But his love for her was shown in many ways during his life, and when she came to the White House, feeble because of age, she found that her son had built an elevator for her use, as she was unable to walk upstairs. This was the first time an elevator was ever put in the White House.

Mrs. Garfield had no secretary, and her cor-

respondence was attended to in the usual way. She was very fond of driving, as was her husband, and they used to go out together in a carriage whenever possible. Both were interested in the flowers and shrubs in the conservatories and gardens of the White House, and the President never hesitated to walk around the city alone, unaccompanied by a guard or other attendant. When Mrs. Grant left the White House, her old housekeeper, Mrs. Mullen went with her; and Mrs. Garfield, like Mrs. Hayes, had no housekeeper, although President Hayes's steward, W. T. Crump, stayed on under Garfield's administration. Crump was devoted to Garfield; and, after the President was shot, helped to care for him in the sick room. Once, in lifting the President, to ease him while lying in bed with that terrible wound, Crump injured his own back so seriously that he never got over it as long as he lived.

The story of Garfield's assassination by Guiteau is too well known to need another relation here, but several little incidents of White House life connected with that tragedy may be of interest to my readers. Mrs. Garfield

had been ill and was recuperating at Long Branch, when the President arranged to start for an extended tour through New England, leaving Washington on July 2, 1881, and going by way of New York City, where Mrs. Garfield was to join him. The party which was to accompany him from Washington consisted of his children, Harry, and James, and Miss Mollie Garfield; Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, and their children, Don and Miss Lulu Rockwell; Dr. W. H. Hawkes; the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Windom; the Postmaster General and Mrs. James; the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Hunt; the Secretary of War; Judge Advocate General Swain, and Col. Jamison, of the Post Office Department.

From New York they were to go to Irvington on the Hudson to spend Sunday; on Monday to Williamstown, Mass., there to stay until Thursday noon in order that the President could take part in the commencement exercises of Williams College, where he had been graduated. They were to journey thence to St. Albans, Vt., spending Friday there, and going

on Saturday to the White Mountains for a quiet Sunday, intending to ascend Mt. Washington on Monday. The following day their intention was to go to Portland, Me., and to Augusta, where the Presidential party would be the guest of the Secretary of State. Mr. Blaine had obtained a revenue cutter on which the guests were to sail along the Maine coast, visiting Mt. Desert, and other places of interest; thereafter returning home by way of Concord, N. H., Hartford and New Haven, and two or three other places.

As may be readily imagined all who were fortunate enough to be included in the Presidential party looked forward eagerly to this extended outing, especially the younger members thereof, who had thought and thought about it for days. President Garfield was especially pleased, because his wife had so far recovered her strength that she would be able to leave Long Branch and join him at New York.

I shall not forget that morning of July 2, 1881. I left my home very early, and went to the White House to see the President, and also

to attend to a business matter with his Secretary, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, who was starting for Europe. As I reached the Mansion, I saw Guiteau, who was coming down the steps leading to the main entrance, and hurrying on I demanded of the doorkeeper,

"What does that fellow want here to-day? I thought we 'd got rid of him!"

"He came as usual and asked how the President was," the doorkeeper replied. And I went to the office more disturbed inwardly than I cared to show.

The President and his children were to leave the White House in plenty of time to catch the limited express for the North which was to start from the Old Baltimore and Potomac Depot at half-past nine o'clock. Before breakfast was served one of the doorkeepers, Ricker, went from the main floor to the living quarters of the family to find Mr. Garfield. Hearing shouts of laughter in a room occupied by "Jim" and Harry Garfield, Ricker went directly there to ask where the President was, and as he approached the open door he saw the two boys turning handsprings on the bed.

Garfield himself was in the room, and said to his sons,

"I think I can do that as well as you can." Whereupon Ricker saw the President of the United States step forward without an instant's hesitation, spring up into the air, land on his hands, and without apparent effort turn a perfect handspring, coming down lightly and firmly on his feet, to the surprise of his two young sons and to the amazement of the doorkeeper who had been sent to find him.

Only an hour or so later Garfield left the White House for his summer outing, as other Presidents have left it year after year, without a thought of impending danger. I was not sorry to see him go away, for although Guiteau had been refused admittance to the White House for some time, yet he kept calling there every morning to ask after the President's health. I tried to reassure myself with the general conviction around the Executive Office that this man, while undoubtedly a crank, was a harmless crank — one of the familar type of partly responsible people who are always trying to see every Presi-

dent. Yet, because of my experience while personal body-guard to Lincoln, I was always scenting possible danger, although frequently laughed at by my friends for so doing. And altogether I was not sorry to learn that President Garfield was on his way out of the city. Perhaps while he was gone Guiteau might so conduct himself that he could be legally locked up in an asylum.

Word reached the Executive Mansion, only a little while after President Garfield had left there, that he had been shot. A message was flashed at once to Mrs. Garfield, who started for Washington as soon as she received it, and from then until the wounded President was taken to Elberon everything possible was done at the White House to save the slender thread of life which still remained. Scarcely had he been carried within doors of the Executive Mansion than a strong force of police was rushed there and a guard instantly thrown around the extensive grounds, nobody being admitted without a special permit. My duties were such that it was absolutely necessary for me to be able to

enter and leave the grounds and the Executive Mansion, and the first permit that was issued and signed by the President's Secretary, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, was an order for the police to admit me in and out at all times.

As soon as the surgeons ascertained how seriously the President was wounded, certain steps were taken which were necessary for the transaction of government business. The President was unable, of course, to sign papers or documents, and very soon I received an order to have a stamp made, containing a facsimile of Mr. Garfield's signature, this to be attached to important documents. While unable to speak positively, I have always understood that this stamp was used a great many times by the Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine. I think it is the only time that such a stamp has ever been made for the use of any President, unless possibly in the case of William Henry Harrison, while he was lying ill in the White House, where he died.

One day I received word that the consulting surgeons thought the President's strength might be increased were he to have some squirrel

soup, of which he was very fond, and I was notified to be ready whenever the doctors should send word, to go out and shoot some squirrels. This intention was communicated to General Sturgis, then Commandant of the Soldiers' Home, who at once rushed over to me a permit to shoot squirrels in the grounds surrounding the Home, for the purpose mentioned. I think this is the only time that an order was ever issued permitting any one to go gunning in those grounds. But I never used the permit, for the doctors never sent me word to go out after the squirrels.

One of the members of the Executive Office staff was an intimate friend of Garfield's, Mr. Warren S. Young, who was in the Treasury Department when Garfield was inaugurated. Thereupon Mr. Garfield brought him to the Executive Office, knowing that he could rely upon him at any time to carry out the most difficult tasks. As soon as the President was taken to Elberon, Mr. Young was sent there, and there he remained until Garfield died. It is not known generally that Mr. Young accidentally gave to the country the news of Gar-

field's death. He was in the room where the President lay, and when the end came he hurried out on an errand of importance. A moment later he ran into the army of newspaper correspondents waiting outside, who formed the "death watch" on the President. Almost overwhelmed by the sad event which had just occurred, Mr. Young did not understand a question which one of the correspondents asked him as he passed the group, and thinking it must have been regarding the President's condition, he replied:

"Yes, it 's all over."

Hardly had the words escaped his lips when that squad of newspaper men sped off to the telegraph office like bird-shot fired out of a gun. When I recalled this happening to Mr. Young, only yesterday, he said that in all his life since then he has never seen anything like the way those correspondents whirled around at his words and darted off toward the wires.

"They did not wait to ask anything further," he said; "President Garfield had just died. Their business was to get that single sentence

into their newspaper offices at the earliest possible second. And they did so."

Mr. Young, by the way, is still a member of the staff of the Executive Office. At present he looks after all the dinners, lawn parties, and musicales given at the White House, making up lists of invitations from instructions given him by the Lady of the White House, arranging for the seating of guests at the state dinners, and preparing and sending invitations. All this is very responsible work — requiring not merely good taste, but exact knowledge of social forms and requirements, as well as a wide and absolute understanding of the order of precedence of the many officials, and of members of the Diplomatic Corps, etc., who strictly observe such matters of etiquette.

Although my own personal knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield was limited, yet I have learned a great deal about them from people who knew them well and intimately, and who would have no reason for telling me anything but the exact truth. A loving, devoted couple were General and Mrs. Garfield to the end.

Chester A. Arthur

Chester A. Arthur, Vice-president of the United States, was sworn in as President at New York, the day Garfield died. He came at once to Washington and established himself in General Butler's house on Capitol Hill. At the time this was a fine modern residence, built of granite, with spacious rooms, beautifully finished and elegantly furnished. The first floor was entirely given up to general offices, while Mr. Arthur had his private office on the second floor. It was not until weeks afterward that he came to the White House to reside there; and in the meantime messengers were constantly going back and forth, carrying mail to and from the President, and all sorts of papers and documents which needed his inspection and signature.

Mrs. Garfield had been able to do little in the way of re-furnishing the White House, because she had been there for such a short time. So during the weeks that Arthur lived in General Butler's old home he generally came to the Executive Mansion every evening after dinner, and made a thorough inspection of the offices and state apartments and living rooms above

them. Night after night he would go from room to room and corridor to corridor, giving orders to change this and that according to his own taste, and in the daytime upholsterers and others were busily engaged in carrying out his wishes. If Garfield had lived, certain repairs would have been made, for, owing to the semi-public character of the White House, the wear and tear on furniture and hangings is considerable. But President Arthur's repairs were not very extensive.

When he finally came there to live, his family consisted of his sister Mrs. McElroy; a son, Chester A. Arthur, Jr., who was always called Allan; and his daughter Nelly, a pretty girl of the brunette type, who was about fourteen or fifteen years of age. Mrs. McElroy was a widow, of medium size, sweet-faced and pleasant, but of decisive manner when giving orders. Like her brother, she knew exactly what she wanted, and how she wanted it done; and she never hesitated to express her wishes clearly. During Arthur's term, she was, of course, known as the " Mistress of the White House."

Allan Arthur was a student at Princeton —

a tall, handsome young fellow with piercing black eyes and white skin. He was very slender indeed, and bright and clever. Like his father, he was extremely fond of horses; although unlike the President in that he enjoyed driving them himself. I have always understood that he did well at college, but occasionally he had an irresistible desire to escape from the classic shades and academic groves of the quiet college town, and he would suddenly appear in Washington without notice. President Arthur used to be surprised every once in a while by unexpectedly seeing Allan at the breakfast table, when he supposed the young man to be delving away at his studies at Princeton. But that never bothered Allan to any extent. When the spirit moved him, he would simply step on a train at Princeton and bolt through to Washington as soon as he could get here. He had many friends in the city, among whom he was a great favorite; and it did not make any difference to him whether he arrived here at four o'clock in the afternoon or at ten o'clock at night. The first thing Allan would do would be to order his team of horses from the White

House stables. Then off he would whirl to call upon some young lady, if it were not too late; or to ring up some of his young men friends. He was of a happy disposition in those student days, and when he was home on vacation he did much to add to the gayety at the White House.

The usual period of mourning, after Garfield's death, was strictly observed in and around the Mansion, and there was no formal entertaining until New Year's Day, 1882, when Mr. Arthur gave his first public reception. Then, as now, this New Year's Day affair was attended by several thousand persons, all of whom met and were greeted by the President. The reception commenced at about one o'clock, and lasted during a greater part of the afternoon. Notwithstanding Garfield's assassination, Mr. Arthur had no body-guard while he was President, and, so far as I am aware, no attempt was ever made to do him harm.

After the beginning of the new year, the usual state dinners were held, and also a larger number of private entertainments of various kinds than I had ever known before in the

White House. Mr. Arthur was a different type of man from any who had preceded him during my experience there, and he was accustomed to that light-heartedness and effervescence which has long distinguished social life in New York City. The new President was a large, heavy, tall man, strikingly handsome and possessing the Chesterfieldian manner. He delighted to entertain his friends; he wanted the best of everything, and wanted it served in the best manner. He was the first President, so far as I know, to have a valet, and one was needed, for Mr. Arthur dressed fashionably, and his clothes were generally made in New York. He was always well groomed; almost faultless in his dress.

In the afternoon he was fond of driving around the city, or through the country near by, and always had a gentleman with him, for he positively disliked to be alone. Sometimes he used his victoria, and occasionally rode in the saddle; but most of all he enjoyed his four-in-hand. These horses were bays, almost perfectly matched, and when they started off through the White House grounds, driven by

William Williss, a colored man and a very fine horseman, with the President of the United States and several ladies and gentlemen seated in the carriage, the equipage made a brave showing indeed.

Mr. Arthur never drove horses himself and he did not walk a great deal or take much other exercise. But what he loved to do was to drive out and then bring home a merry company of ladies and gentlemen to dinner, which would be presided over by Mrs. McElroy, and afterwards spend the evening in light-hearted talk,—telling stories, smoking excellent cigars, and winding up with an elaborate supper at midnight or later.

Mrs. McElroy had her afternoons at home, following the usual custom of the ladies of the White House, when she would receive intimate friends as well as those in official life who were entitled to be present. On such occasions the Marine Band rendered fine music, and the same atmosphere of gayety was present that always distinguished social life during the Arthur administration. Miss Nelly Arthur was too young to appear at formal affairs, but

she had a number of congenial young friends who were welcomed by Mrs. McElroy, and who thoroughly enjoyed their visits at the White House.

President Arthur and his household spent a considerable part of each summer at the Soldiers' Home, and there he maintained his usual mode of life — that of a man who possesses an intensely social nature. "Aleck" Powell, his colored valet, always went with him when he was called out of town, and, of course, attended him during the summer sojourns. Arthur, by the way, was the last President to use the beautiful house built out there especially for the summer residence of the Presidents. This house, in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, is of brick, covered with a form of stucco which Washingtonians call "pebble-dash." It is large enough for the use for which it was intended, and completely furnished. Owing perhaps to the increased ease of communication between Washington and summer resorts far distant, it has not been considered necessary or even advisable of late years for the President to spend the hottest

months of the year at this official summer residence. Mr. Arthur, however, spent his summers there, and there Mrs. McElroy also was in charge.

As a rule the Lady of the White House is not supposed to go into society as freely as if she were not a member of the President's family; so Mrs. McElroy used to visit only the homes of her few intimate friends. She had excellent judgment in matters concerning White House affairs, and some of the china of the Arthur administration is an evidence of it. It was not necessary for a full set of china to be purchased for the use of President Arthur, but a great many individual pieces were ordered to replenish those which had been broken.

As a matter of fact, since I have been in the White House, there have been only five complete sets of china brought there; and these were for the administrations of Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Harrison, and Roosevelt. A full set of White House china means a great deal. It means that there must be a breakfast and a luncheon and a dinner service consisting of

everything that can be thought of for the use of the head of the nation and his family, his personal guests, and the large number of official guests who gather at state entertainments. Owing to the breakage, especially of glass, a large part of the several services has to be replaced from time to time. Very little silver is lost or broken, and much of the old plate dating from Lincoln's time is still in use. This silver, and the gold plate, consisting of such things as knives, has been in the charge of the stewards of the various administrations. President Arthur's steward was under a bond of ten thousand dollars, and of course was responsible for the valuable property placed in his care.

During Arthur's term the Marshal of the District was Mr. Morton McMichael, 2d, of Philadelphia, who created the innovation of ordering the doorkeepers of the White House to wear a bit of ribbon in the lapel of their coats to distinguish them from guests. In Mr. Arthur's administration no military man had any official duties in connection with White House entertainments.

The years from 1881 to 1885 passed by with little to distinguish them sharply from the preceding years, except for the atmosphere of gayety and joyousness which I have already mentioned.

When March 4, 1885, arrived, the incoming President, Mr. Cleveland, drove to the capitol accompanied by Mr. Arthur and then they returned to the White House. The outgoing President did not remain for the elaborate luncheon he had ordered prepared for Mr. Cleveland, but bade him good-bye and went quietly away from the Executive Mansion. While bidding farewell to some who had been closely allied with him in the White House, tears coursed down Mr. Arthur's face. After he left the White House he sent me authorization to dispose of his horses and carriages at auction, to the best advantage, and I did so.

VI

WHILE MRS. CLEVELAND WAS "MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE"

THE home life of President Cleveland in the White House was so enveloped and irradiated by the rare personality of Mrs. Cleveland, that all of us who had to do with the Executive Mansion in the two Cleveland administrations think, first of all, of that perfectly charming and beautiful woman; for the moment forgetting that Mr. Cleveland had occupied the White House as a bachelor from March 4, 1885, until June 2, 1886, the later date being his wedding day.

The fourth day of March, 1885, was a bright and beautiful day; one which the admirers of the President-elect designated as a "Cleveland Day" — because they claimed that good weather always preceded any event in which he was interested. Whether or not this suppo-

sition was true, the fact remains that it was a balmy spring day, and the hosts of citizens from all over the country who were present and witnessed the installation of the first Democratic President in twenty-five years fairly reveled in the unusual conditions.

Unlike most of his illustrious predecessors during my long term in the White House, President Cleveland did not visit the Executive Office and become acquainted with the employees for some days. And it was more than a week perhaps before some of those engaged therein had an opportunity to speak to him. Indeed, some were never introduced to him. The great building was over-run with strangers, who came there in droves, some declaring that they had not looked into the Executive Mansion since the days of Buchanan. On the fifth day of March, I administered the oath of office to Colonel Lamont, the new private secretary to the President, and it was without fear of removal that the office force saw him take charge, as all believed implicitly that Mr. Cleveland would remove nobody from office except for cause, and a good cause at that.

A good many interesting things happened during President Cleveland's first few days in the White House, and I remember an amusing occurrence which happened on March 8, when a grand rush was made toward the Executive Mansion by delegations representing a number of Presbyterian churches in Washington, each being desirous and determined to secure the President's membership. The New York Avenue Church, for example, where Mr. Lincoln used to worship, sent a special delegation of ladies to call upon the President, and as they approached the White House on the north side Mr. Cleveland and Colonel Lamont quietly left by the south entrance and went for a drive. In doing so the President had not the slightest intention of showing any discourtesy to the ladies who were appointed to bring him into their particular church, but he did not wish to decide just then regarding church attendance, and he was so tender-hearted and so kindly disposed that it was almost impossible for him to refuse any request in reason that a woman might make of him.

It is well known, of course, that Mr. Cleve-

land was a plain, simple man, who had no desire to make himself prominent, and who was greatly distressed by the importunities of a large number of newspaper correspondents who were determined to find out all about his movements day by day, and hour by hour. The Democratic hosts who had swept him into the Presidential chair had given the country at large to understand that under this first Democratic President in a quarter of a century there would be an entirely new deal — business would be transacted very differently from the way in which it had been carried on by Republican Presidents; the new executive and his official supporters "would show the country how things ought to be run on purely American lines."

All this and much more to the same effect had aroused the interest and curiosity of the nation to such an extent that the newspapers felt it incumbent upon them to print the most careful details concerning all the President did, and said, and thought — so far as they could ascertain these things — from the time he rose in the morning until he went to bed,

after spending the better part of each night over his desk.

It is almost impossible, even now, to picture the enthusiasm exhibited by President Cleveland's supporters who had caused such an overturn in national politics. Delegations of all kinds, from all sections of the country, waited upon him to congratulate him and to congratulate the nation, to shake his hand and to carry home with them some words or impressions which could be repeated to their neighbors. I recall one delegation of charming women from the South who walked into the office during the busiest of all mornings, fully expecting to have an audience with Mr. Cleveland, and perhaps a long talk. It was impossible at that time for the President to see these ladies; they went away greatly disappointed and highly indignant, the leader saying:

"For years we have been praying for a President of the Democratic faith, and I do not see why he will not see us to-day. Why, he is *our own President* and we must see him! Is this the reception we are to expect after waiting for so many years?"

Of course, those who came in contact with those ladies regretted sincerely that their wishes could not be met, but at that time the President was so deeply occupied that he could not see any one except on official business. The energetic politicians of Washington also were coming to the front with demands that they be given local offices, and with as much assurance as if the city alone were responsible for the President's election.

Notwithstanding such constant interruptions from hundreds and hundreds of visitors, who swept in an unending stream to the White House, yet the social and family life moved smoothly from the very first. The President's sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, had at once proved herself perfectly competent to occupy the position which she was called upon to fill, and ten days after her brother's inauguration she held a reception which was very largely attended, among the guests being the Hon. James G. Blaine and Mr. Walker Blaine. Those who were fortunate enough to be invited were charmed with Miss Cleveland, and many predicted social success for her while in the White House.

The President's first official reception, on March 17, was a brilliant affair, and was thought by some to surpass any social event given by preceding Republican Presidents. As a matter of fact, while the reception was brilliant it was not extraordinarily so; and I may add that none of the official receptions before or since Mr. Cleveland's time have ever equalled the diplomatic receptions given by President and Mrs. Hayes. President Cleveland, by the way, made an experiment, in his early days at the White House, of adopting a new style of invitation for official receptions, but it was very unpopular. Senators and Members of the House and the Judiciary each received an engraved invitation at the beginning of the season, giving on a single card the dates of all the receptions that were to follow, and this unusual precedure offended many. As soon as Mr. Cleveland realized the situation, the plan was discontinued and engraved cards were sent as usual for each of the several entertainments. State dinners were held as during other administrations, but here again there was an innovation, the President giving

each guest a souvenir consisting of a ribbon about three feet long, and three inches wide, on one end of which was stamped a picture of the White House, and on the other the national colors, the Coat-of-Arms of the United States appearing in gold. To this rather gorgeous ornamentation was added the name of the guest, and the date of the dinner, in gold letters. This large and unusual souvenir was intended for the ladies present, while for the gentlemen a smaller piece of satin ribbon was substituted, on which were stamped only the Coat-of-Arms, the name of the guest, and the date of the reception.

From the very first I felt that the glitter of official life was distasteful to Mr. Cleveland. He was a man who believed that he had work to accomplish, and that work was a serious matter which must be attended to, and with which nothing must interfere. So strongly pronounced was this habit of industry, and so decided was his mental attitude in regard to the duties he owed the people of the country as well as himself, that on one occasion, after having left the White House, he said to me:

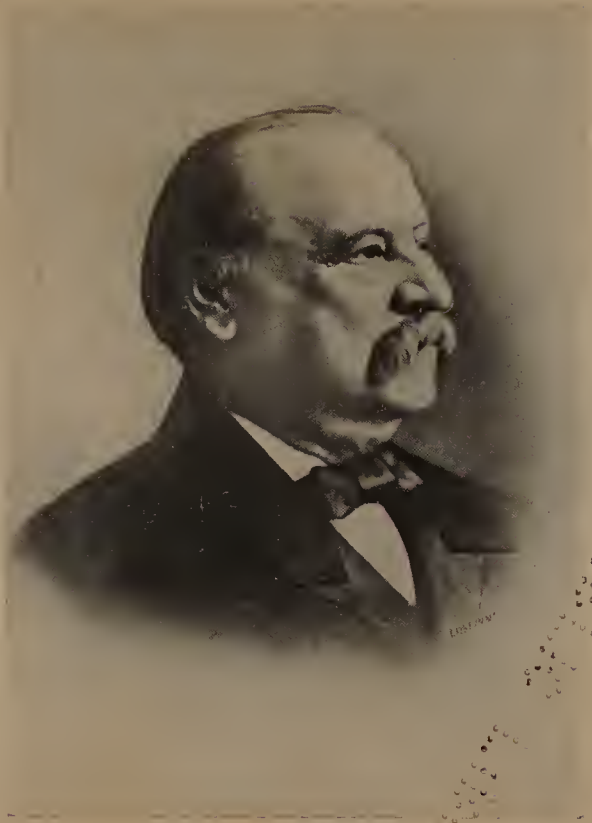
" Crook, in looking back at those years I used to feel that I was a prisoner. When I left my breakfast table and went to my office, it used to seem that a yoke was placed around my neck from which I could not escape. There were many pleasant things connected with the office, but they did not compensate for the annoyances. . . . I am glad I am free."

Of course, the great social event during Mr. Cleveland's first administration was his wedding to Miss Frances Folsom, which occurred on June 2, 1886, and in this the President's dislike of show and extravagance was again manifested. To the great disappointment of official Washington, and perhaps to the disappointment of the nation at large, the marriage was solemnized as quietly as possible. The main reason for the private nature of this event lay in the fact that the bride's grandfather had died not long before; but even if there had been no such condition I am confident that Mr. Cleveland would have tried his best to avoid any publicity in connection with it.

It will be remembered that Miss Folsom was

the daughter of one of Mr. Cleveland's old law partners, who had died some years previous, and that thereafter she had been under Mr. Cleveland's guardianship as a ward. At the time of the wedding, the President was a mature man; but when she stepped from the train early on that morning of June 2, and was met by the President's sister and driven to the White House, the bride-to-be was only twenty-two years of age, in the full bloom of youth, her beauty and grace and carriage enhanced and made almost luminous by an atmosphere of spirituality that enveloped her as truly as she lived and breathed.

She was accompanied to Washington by her mother and by her cousin, Benjamin Folsom, and as soon as she could alight from the train and step into the President's carriage where Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was waiting, Hawkins, the negro coachman, swished his whip and they whirled away at high speed, hoping to evade or elude or out-distance the army of newspaper men who had come from New York on the same train. When the carriage reached the White House, those of the



Grover Cleveland

Mrs. Cleveland

servants who, by any excuse, could be present, were waiting around the doors to witness the arrival of the bride-to-be. As she tripped up the steps and swept through the great entrance like a radiant vision of young springtime, a gasp of surprise and delight burst from those kindly servitors, and from that instant every man and woman of them all was a devoted slave, and remained such until Mrs. Cleveland left the White House for the last time — eleven years later, on March 4, 1897, when Mr. McKinley took up his residence there.

The day of his wedding President Cleveland spent in working as hard as he ever did in his life, although he made two or three short breaks in it; once or twice to chat with Miss Folsom and her mother, and another in the afternoon, when he went for a drive. During the afternoon, an inquiry came from the Postmaster General as to whether the President could possibly find time to sign two or three Postmaster's commissions that were ready to be sent out, and I recollect the comical expression on Mr. Cleveland's face as he lifted it above the pile of papers on his desk and exclaimed:

"Yes, I will sign — but tell him to get those documents here as quick as the good Lord will let him."

Shortly after this occurrence John Philip Sousa and the full strength of the Marine Band were waiting in the place assigned to them in the White House. Fifteen seconds before seven o'clock Sousa's baton was poised in the air. Exactly as the hands of the White House clocks marked seven the baton descended, the band struck into Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and everybody knew that the marriage ceremony had begun. By that time the few guests were in their places, and included in addition to the Cabinet Officers and their wives — with the exception of the Attorney General, Garland — Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland and Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. W. S. Bissell, of Buffalo, Miss Cleveland, and the bride's mother and her cousin, as well as a few other relatives, not the least important of whom was the Rev. William N. Cleveland.

As the last notes of the "Wedding March" floated through the corridor, the President

came slowly down the staircase with the bride leaning on his arm, and the guests by common consent fell back toward the south end of the Blue Room. It was there, underneath the crystal chandelier pouring a flood of radiance on the scene, and surrounded by a wealth of flowers and plants such as never before had been seen in the White House, that the ceremony was performed. At its conclusion Mrs. Folsom, showing traces of deep emotion, was the first to tender her congratulations to the newly married pair. She was followed by Miss Cleveland, the Rev. Mr. Cleveland, and the other relatives and friends in turn. When the felicitations had been concluded, the President and his bride led the way into the stately East Room, the adornments of which were in keeping with its majestic proportions. Thence, after a brief period of promenading and conversation, the company proceeded to the family dining-room of the Mansion, where the wedding supper was served.

It was about half-past eight o'clock when the President and his bride left the White House by a private exit from the Blue Room to the

South Grounds, entered a carriage and were driven to the railway station, where they took a special train for Deer Park, Maryland, some two hundred miles distant from Washington, and there spent their brief honeymoon.

It may interest my younger readers of to-day to know that the bride's dress was of corded satin, heavy enough to stand upright on the floor without support, even if no one were wearing it. The drapery of India silk served the double purpose of softening the gloss of the heavy material and rounding the outlines of the bride's tall figure, without detracting at all from her grace and shapeliness. A band of orange blossoms outlined a delicate drapery, and the bosom was crossed by soft filmy scarfs which terminated beneath a heavy fold of satin below the waist. Orange blossoms and bows, and leaves so small as to make a bare outline, bordered the drapery of the skirt. But the marvel of the whole costume was the train of that wedding gown, and the still greater marvel was the way in which it was managed by the bride in a small, well-filled room — for it was nearly as long as the room itself, measuring

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Grand Corridor of the White House

within a few inches of fifteen feet. Through the bride's deft management it lay in a glistening coil close to her little shoes, and yet it would have reached easily from the spot where the vows were pledged across the room and into the corridor beyond, through which the bridal party had come. Her gloves reached only to the elbow, and the silk tulle veil was almost large enough to envelop her.

Of course, a great number of presents had been received, but only one was shown; and that was the President's gift, a diamond necklace of truly regal magnificence.

When the honeymoon at Deer Park had been ended and the President had returned to the White House, his beautiful young bride at once took up her new and trying duties with an ease, an efficiency, and graciousness that captivated all who came in contact with the Executive Mansion, whether personal guests, or those invited to official affairs.

I am an old man now and I have seen many women of various types through all the long years of my service in the White House, but neither there nor elsewhere have I seen any one

possessing the same kind of downright *loveliness* which was as much a part of Mrs. Cleveland as was her voice, or her marvelous eyes, or her warm smile of welcome that instantly captivated every one who came in contact with her. It has been my purpose, in preparing these present recollections of family life in the White House during the past forty-five years, to be careful not to over-state this thing, or to make extravagant remarks about that thing, and I am well within the bounds of conservatism when I repeat that Mrs. Grover Cleveland was the most charming woman and the most lovely character that I have ever known in the course of my life. When one remembers that in addition to this she was physically beautiful, one can easily understand her extraordinary influence upon all who saw her.

Hardly had Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland returned from their honeymoon when they were beset by all sorts of people. Photographers were struggling and scheming for the chance to make a picture of the bride. Requests rained in from piano makers asking permission to place a piano in the White House for the use

of the bride, declaring that no charge would be made, and that they wanted to send a piano there "simply for the honor" of the thing. One piano maker in New York insisted that Mrs. Cleveland accept his instrument on the score of old friendship. All these outside details took up a great deal of the President's time, for the reason that he would not allow them or anything else to interfere with his official work. Consequently, when he first returned from Deer Park, he had almost no leisure whatever. Nevertheless, he seemed to be as happy as mortal man could be. In those days, as I saw him plunge through his enormous tasks, I used to smile to myself — for he seemed as happy as a man in the back country districts who had suddenly "got religion," and got it thoroughly.

Through all the years of both administrations Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, notwithstanding their disparity in age, were a very affectionate couple. While she naturally deferred to her husband's judgment in many matters, Mrs. Cleveland was possessed of a keen mind and could see straight through things which would

baffle many women. I remember that on one occasion the President sent for me to come to his office, at about nine one morning, and said he wanted me as a notary to take his acknowledgment and Mrs. Cleveland's acknowledgment to a deed. Mrs. Cleveland was present at the time, but before she signed the paper the President walked off to the other side of the room in order that I might privately question her as to her willingness to sign the paper. Mrs. Cleveland told me that she was signing it without any mental reservation, whereupon the President turned around and remarked:

"I think that such a requirement of the law is silly — I mean the clause that requires a notary privately to examine a woman before she signs a deed like this."

After a moment's hesitation the President added:

"Still, I suppose the requirement was caused by reason of impositions practiced upon some poor women, who felt compelled to sign papers under their husbands' insistence."

At this Mrs. Cleveland laid down her pen and looked up, laughing heartily at the idea

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The Blue Room

that *her* husband would ever try to impose upon her in any way. The next day but one she sent for me to see her, and when I came she said:

" Colonel, I want to speak to you about some packages from Italy that I am expecting; but don't breathe a word about them to anybody, for it is a surprise that I have planned for the President; and if he sees the box he would be sure to ask what was in it."

Of course, I saw that the precious gifts she had arranged for with such loving care, were smuggled into the White House and into her own hands, with the final result of surprising and pleasing her husband as she had hoped to do.

It would not be hard for me to relate scores of instances where Mr. Cleveland showed his tender care for her and where she showed like feeling for him, through all the long years of his two administrations. And if ever a man is permitted to use the word " damnable " I think it may be permitted here and now in criticising as such the outrageous lies that were spread abroad by political and other enemies of Mr. Cleveland, in regard to his domestic life. The

least things were seized upon as an excuse for trying to make trouble, as the months and years went by. I have mentioned already the fact that Mr. Cleveland worked harder, and kept longer hours than any other President we have ever had. But every once in a while he became so completely fagged out that he simply had to leave his office and get out of doors. And many an afternoon, during his two terms, he would quietly slip through the White House, enter a buggy waiting for him at the rear, and drive over into Maryland for a few hours' squirrel shooting. So careful was he as to telling the truth that often he never informed his secretary of such an outing. Consequently, when visitors came to the White House to see him, they would be told that the President was not in. Those who pressed for further particulars would be told that he had gone off somewhere for the afternoon, and would not be back until night — perhaps not until the next morning.

Thus it was that enemies were enabled to seize upon such situations for an excuse to hint that President Cleveland indulged in periodical

dissipation. These stories were spread abroad with such cunning and devilish ingenuity that the persons responsible for them could not be called to account; and as it was practically impossible, under the circumstances, for any one in authority to recognize them by so much as a flat denial, the country at large was left to conjecture as to how much truth there was in them. Of course this was not unknown to those in the White House, and could not but have been the cause of anguish. I dislike, exceedingly, to touch upon such situations; but scarcely any man in high public office seems to be able to escape from corresponding attacks, and this fact should be borne in mind by all of us when we read irresponsible and sensational publications.

While referring to this unpleasant phase of high public career in the United States, I may mention that not only are men in office subject to such annoyance, but oftentimes their wives as well. And this is well illustrated in the case of Mrs. Cleveland by several instances that were so silly as to be beyond the ground of serious feeling. When the President's

first daughter was born, little Ruth Cleveland, it was a time of great interest for the whole country; and when she was brought to Washington every woman in the vicinity felt desirous, quite naturally, of seeing the dear little mite of humanity. Gifts of all kinds were prepared, not merely by friends, but by strangers from near and far; for while the President at that time might not have been the most popular man in the country, there was no doubt whatever that his charming wife was the most popular woman.

Having a natural desire to see her babe live and thrive, Mrs. Cleveland wished her to spend a portion of each sunny day outdoors, and the nurse was directed to take the little one in a carriage to the grounds on the south side of the White House so her lungs could be filled with God's fresh air — to which she was entitled. If recollection serves me, the nurse and the baby-carriage, not to mention the baby, had not been out there, the first time, for more than six minutes when some of the visitors strolling around spied them, made a rush for them, and started in to pet the baby and kiss

her. The first few who did so attracted many more; and from that day it was impossible for little Ruth to be taken outdoors without having a group of strange women swoop down upon her from all points of the compass. It did n't make any difference if the hour for her outing was changed; the women would be there, waiting for the appearance of the nurse and the baby-carriage. And mindful of all the dangers attendant upon such feminine stupidity, Mrs. Cleveland took the only course left open to her — and the South Grounds of the White House were closed to strangers.

Now, mark you, what happened. It seems almost too ridiculous for belief, but it is true. As soon as the great public, washed, unwashed, stranger to Washington and native alike, learned that they could no longer descend upon that poor, helpless babe, and pat its cheeks, and pinch its little ears, and cover it with kisses, and generally maul it around — this same intelligent public jumped at the conclusion that there must be some reason, some terrible, mysterious reason why it could not continue. What could it be? Why was the child sud-

denly taken away from them? Why was she kept within the South Grounds to which the public was suddenly denied admission? There could be only one answer for those misguided women; and they leaped to the conclusion that Ruth Cleveland was a deaf mute. If this were not enough, they also hinted that her ears were malformed, and that there were other reasons for her seclusion. And incredible as it may seem, insinuations of such nature were not lacking in a section of the newspaper press which was making war on the President and his political programme!

The interest aroused by the birth of a child to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland showed the affectionate regard in which both were held by the great majority of thinking people in the country. One day the President received from an unknown admirer a poem which was beautifully printed upon a square of pink satin, and as it may be of interest, so many years later, I will reproduce it here;

ON THE BIRTH OF A GIRL BABY

TO

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

In other lands, when unto ruler great
A child is born, the roar of cannons rise
And bells ring out in gladness to the skies,
And loyal hearts with joy exhilarate.
But here, with us, in this our grand estate,
No rousing peal from mouth of cannon flies,
No song of bells triumphing as it hies,
Nor hymn of man the birth will celebrate.
And yet, to-day, with our democracy,
A nation's heart pulses in sympathy;
A wordless wish, a silent, soul-felt prayer
Ascends on high, afar o'er earthly air,
To Him, the Father ever kind and mild,
That he may guard the mother and the child!

DEMOCRAT.

I never knew who wrote this verse and sent it to the President, and I doubt whether he ever knew, either. But that was only one of many presents that were sent to Mr. Cleveland while he occupied the White House. Another tribute came to him later on from a tailor in Pottsville, Penn. I opened the box containing this tribute, and found it to be a full-dress

suit — trousers, low-cut waistcoat, and "swallow-tail" coat — evidently intended to fit Mr. Cleveland, and made up of hundreds of pieces of cloth of all kinds and colors and shades; long strips and short; patches, three-cornered bits, round ones, oblong, square, diamond-shaped — in fact that suit of clothes would have made half a dozen coats for a modern Joseph; and, as a whole, it was one of the most extraordinary products of the art sartorial that could be conceived by mortal mind. What became of it eventually I do not remember, but my strong impression is that the President of the United States never wore it in public.

Not long after Mrs. Cleveland first came to the White House, she instituted a series of rather informal receptions, held on Saturday afternoons, to which the ladies in Washington were invited. I am sure that those who attended, and thus had opportunity for meeting their lovely young hostess, have not forgotten these semi-public affairs. But only a few had been held when one of those in official position in Washington, very mindful

The White House on a winter night

of the dignity of life and the importance of the President's wife, approached Mrs. Cleveland, and urged that the Saturday afternoons be given up.

"For what reason?" asked the President's wife.

"Well, you see," said the official, "about half of all the women who came Saturday afternoon are clerks from the department stores and others — a great rabble of shop-girls. And of course a White House afternoon is not intended for them."

"Indeed!" remarked Mrs. Cleveland, somewhat surprised. "And if I should hold the little receptions some afternoon other than Saturday, they could n't attend, because they have to work all the other afternoons. Is that it?"

"Certainly," the official replied, delighted to think how easily he had accomplished his purpose. "That 's it exactly."

He was somewhat surprised not long afterward to learn that Mrs. Cleveland had given orders that nothing should interfere with her Saturday afternoon receptions, so long as there

were any store clerks, or other self-supporting women and girls, who wished to come to the White House and meet her on that day of the week. She knew intuitively what a treat it was to those women and girls.

It was this quality of sympathy that made Mrs. Cleveland's life in the White House so rich a memory. I never knew her to make a mistake of social nature but once; and then it was shared by so many others that I may be pardoned for repeating it in public print. I know the little story is true, for I was present at the time, and heard it all. At one of the President's formal receptions a man named Decker appeared, and as he drew near the receiving line he told Colonel Wilson in confidence that his name was such an easy one it could not be mistaken or mispronounced. Whereupon Colonel Wilson presented him.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Cracker," said the President.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Baker," said Mrs. Cleveland.

"Mr. Sacker," murmured Miss Bayard doubtfully.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Black," Mrs. Whitney remarked with calm confidence.

A few minutes later Mr. Decker was said to be looking at one of his visiting-cards to see what his name really was.

I shall not forget the morning of March 4, 1889, when President Cleveland turned over the White House to his successor, General Harrison. One of the best known employees in the building was old Jerry Smith, who had been Grant's footman, who had remained in the White House ever since, and still was one of the most magnificent specimens of manhood the colored race has produced. In addition to his splendid appearance, he had the manner of a courtier, and a strong personality that could not be overlooked by any one, high or low. Early in the morning just referred to I went up to the living-rooms of the President's family to say good-bye to Mrs. Cleveland; and as I approached she was coming out of her door into the corridor, where stood old Jerry, erect as a grenadier, holding her handbag and waiting to escort her to her carriage. As I drew near, I heard her say:

"Now, Jerry, I want you to take good care of all the furniture and ornaments in the house, and not let any of them get lost or broken, for I want to find everything just as it is now, when we come back again."

"Excuse meh, Mis' Cleveland," Jerry responded, with a slight gasp of astonishment, "but jus' when does you-all expec' to come back, please, — so I can have everything ready, I mean?"

"We are coming back just four years from to-day," she replied, smiling confidently. And her prophecy was fulfilled.

It was four years from that morning — on March 4, 1893 — that I received a request from Colonel Lamont to go to the Arlington Hotel, and take charge of Mr. Cleveland's family, and bring them to the White House. At the appointed time I had a carriage at the Arlington, and into it entered Mrs. Cleveland, more charming than ever, baby Ruth, and the nurse. Neither the baby nor Mrs. Cleveland seemed at all excited, but the nurse was less composed, and while stepping into the carriage with Ruth in her arms, she missed

her footing and fell forward rather heavily. Fortunately I was where I could pick the woman up, unhurt, and as Ruth had bounced from her arms and had landed on one of the seats, she, too, was none the worse for the adventure.

Colonel Lamont and his two children, Bessie and Julia, also entered the carriage, and all were driven to the White House. A rope had been thrown across one of the streets to keep back the crowd, but it was soon taken down to allow the distinguished party to pass, and they arrived at the Executive Mansion some fifteen minutes before noon. At Mrs. Cleveland's request the baby was taken upstairs at once, and she herself made ready to go to the Capitol to see her husband's second inauguration. Shortly thereafter Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland resumed their family life in the White House, quite as if it had not been interrupted for four years.

One of the events that occurred during the second Cleveland administration was the celebration of old Jerry Smith's silver wedding. When Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland came back to

the White House, Jerry did not seem at all surprised. He seemed to think their return was predestined by some power higher than we mortals, and he had fully expected them to come back ever since Mrs. Cleveland made her prophetic remark. Jerry was superstitious in many things, but in placing Mrs. Cleveland far above the average of humanity he showed not superstition but common sense. Yet even her presence in the Executive Mansion could not quiet all of his qualms about spirits of evil and like dangers that he was sure lurked in dark corners, and especially on the attic floor of the White House which, until a few years ago, had always been used as an enormous wine-closet. Perhaps the presence of real spirits — in liquid form — in that dark, musty, dusty old attic gave rise to his belief that there existed also intangible spirits of quite a different kind; for nothing under heaven would persuade the old man in his later years, to go to the attic floor, especially after dark.

He believed in ghosts as firmly as he believed in living persons; one was as real to him as the

other. And he was always seeing or hearing the ghosts of former deceased Presidents hovering around in out-of-the-way corners, especially in deep shadows at sundown or later; and these, he asserted, felt they had a right to come around and "ha'nt" their former surroundings. At any rate he never questioned their right, being perfectly willing to let them do whatever they wished, if they 'd only be so good as to let him alone.

For many, many years this fine old negro had raised and lowered the White House flag — at sunrise and sundown — regarding the ceremony as being particularly important, and in a way symbolical of his own religious and patriotic feelings, which were very closely merged.

One evening, when he lowered the Stars and Stripes, he disappeared from the house, quite unexpectedly; and when he was gone, we all remembered that this was the evening of his Silver Wedding! At the time he lived in his little home on Church Street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets — the same little home that he had bought many years pre-

vious at the urging of Mrs. Grant, who was so anxious to have all of her servants acquire homes while Washington real estate was low-priced. And to that home, that evening, wended a procession of dignitaries such as never before had graced its precincts. Every one who came to the White House during Jerry's service there of nearly a quarter of a century, knew the old man, and thoroughly liked him. So great was the general regard that not merely clerks and assistant secretaries went to his silver wedding, but one carriage after another drove up to his door, containing Cabinet Officers and members of the Diplomatic Corps. These officials did not enter his home, as a rule, but sent in to him and his aged wife some personal gift appropriate to the occasion. You may be sure that Mrs. Cleveland remembered the faithful old servitor.

When I entered the little parlor — spick and span as could be — Jerry came forward to greet me and present to me his wife, with the air of Lord Chesterfield receiving an honored guest. Jerry was arrayed not exactly in fine linen alone, but in his most magnificent gar-

ments, and Mrs. Smith was by his side, as happy and proud as he, although she was very quietly dressed. After the presentation to her, Jerry drew me aside, and said confidentially:

"Kuhnel, the greates' satisfaction I has is the way all theseyeh other niggehs in th' neighbo'hood feel about thisyeh silvah weddin'. They was that envious they could n't rest when they heahd about it, fust off; an' now, since th' representatives of th' mightiest powehs of all Christendom 've been drivin' down yeah with fine hosses, and coachmen an' footmen, to do me honah as one of th' President's Offishul Fambly, theseyeh niggehs 's ready to cut meh heaht out, an' kill me deddeh 'n a doohnail, they 's that jealous, Suh."

I think Jerry enjoyed this triumph as much as he enjoyed the heap of silver dollars piled up on the center-table in his little parlor, and the heap kept increasing in size and value as long as the guests continued to arrive.

The family life of the second Cleveland administration was like the first in most ways excepting that there was more than one baby to make glad the heart of the President and his

wife. I shall never forget the times I have seen Mrs. Cleveland down on the floor with her two little children and their dollies, playing as light-heartedly as could be, and looking up radiant, smiling, beautiful, as I entered in response to her summons. Even with her added cares of motherhood, Mrs. Cleveland did not attempt to relinquish her incessant duties as wife of the President; and when the time came for her to leave the White House a second time, I think she was not altogether sorry. On that morning, March 4, 1897, as she was going away, she thanked me for the small services I had rendered during eight years, and taking a bouquet of beautiful violets from her corsage, she placed it in my hands, with her sweet, lovely smile. The violets are withered and white now, but they are still before me, in their envelope, where they have rested securely ever since they began to fade.

VII

THE WHITE HOUSE FAMILY OF PRESIDENT HARRISON

THE first Christmas tree that ever lifted up its gift-laden green in the White House was placed there during the administration of President Harrison — and in my memories of many years' service within the walls of the Executive Mansion, this stands out as one of the pleasantest. There had been plenty of young people there during previous administrations from Lincoln's down through Johnson's, Grant's, Hayes's, Garfield's, Arthur's, Cleveland's — and plenty of excuse for a Christmas tree as each December came around with its season of joyousness and generosity of spirit; yet, for some reason that I have never been able to understand, one Christmas after another came and went, with every remembrance and observance of the day excepting

that which to most young people is the crowning feature; a beautiful, tall, graceful tree, laden with gifts and ornaments, shimmering with candles, perhaps, or bowing and swaying under the weight of numberless pretty devices and glittering baubles.

Cold though he appeared to most people, and indifferent, President Harrison nevertheless was warm-hearted and sympathetic to those who knew him well. He had a merry side to his nature, and with it the love of childhood that is almost always its accompaniment. Mrs. Harrison, too, was warm-hearted, loving to give others happiness, devoted to her children, and almost idolizing her grandchildren — as is not uncommon with grandmothers, whether they live in the White House, or in the humblest cottage. Therefore it was almost inevitable, under the circumstances, that the first Christmas season under General Harrison's presidency should see a tree set up for the delight and delectation of the children in whom so much of his thought was centered.

In addition to the President and Mrs. Harrison, there were in the White House at the time

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Mrs. Harrison

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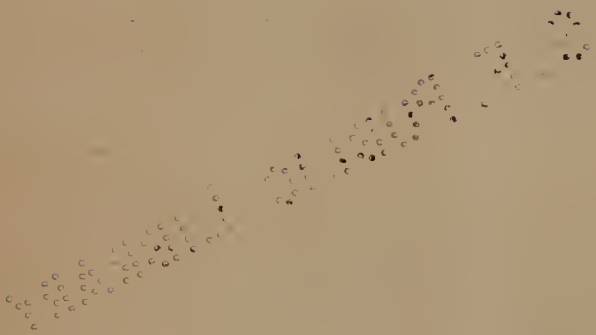
Benjamin Harrison



Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Harrison and their little daughter; Mr. and Mrs. James Robert McKee and their two children, Benjamin Harrison McKee (better known to the public as "Baby McKee"), aged about two years, and his sister Mary, who was about a year younger. Mrs. Harrison's niece, Mrs. Mary Scott Dimmick, also was there, if memory serves; and Mrs. Harrison's father, the Reverend Doctor Scott, then an aged man. So there were plenty of all sizes and years to make the most of the Christmas season, and they did so right royally.

For days before the one great day, the children grew more and more excited as to coming events, telling each other what they hoped Santa Claus would bring them, running in and out with important, confidential messages and questions to parents, grandparents, uncles, and aunts, and generally infusing a spirit that was infectious to all who breathed its atmosphere. Then, late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas, they suddenly found the doors closed and locked which led into the great circular library. They hovered around,

wondering what it all meant, until taken away on one pretext or another; but they never guessed that Pfister, head gardener of the White House, was inside that enchanted chamber, with a force of expert assistants, who were putting up the most beautiful and perfect tree that could be found in all the country.

Somehow the afternoon passed, supper was disposed of, and Christmas Eve stories were told while stockings were being hung up; and at last the little people drowsily went to bed, still wondering, still hoping that they might wake up late at night, at just the moment when dear old Santa would be coming down the chimney. Long after they were asleep Pfister and his men, and a good many more — including the President of the United States himself — were working like beavers within that library; and it was quite late when the tree was in place, and dressed, and hung with countless gifts.

I saw it Christmas morning, as did others in the Executive Office who had been invited to be present; and it was truly the most beautiful I have ever seen, before or since. From

topmost point to the floor it was laden with decorations, with toys innumerable for the children, and with gifts for the older ones. And Mrs. Harrison had made sure that each member of her husband's office staff was remembered with a personal token. I, for example, received a dainty little book from her, with her good wishes. In addition to the family gifts, the library held a multitude of presents of every imaginable kind, from scores if not hundreds of persons, friends and strangers — or comparative strangers — alike; for at the Christmas season the President and his household are very widely remembered.

I have often wished that those who sometimes called President Harrison "a human iceberg," could have seen him at that time, and at many another time when he threw aside official reserve. For he truly was a man who enjoyed his family and his intimates to a marked degree. Although he and Mrs. Harrison made no pretension of social superiority they were well educated, accustomed to the best of society, and were wholly at ease wherever they might be. A frequent visitor at the

White House while in the Senate, General Harrison felt no strangeness of surroundings when he came there as President, and his family life moved along smoothly from the first. Owing to his stoutness he did not look as tall as he really was, and perhaps for this reason he wore a silk hat and a frock coat when weather conditions permitted. Always dignified, with keen eyes that never wavered, with his military habit of command, it was only natural that those who did not know President Harrison well should have thought him extremely cold, reserved, uncommunicative concerning his plans and purposes.

When he came to the White House, on March 4, 1889, he found that Mrs. Cleveland had prepared a luncheon for his family, and that everything was in readiness for their occupancy of the great mansion. A number of personal friends were present at this first meal in the Executive Mansion, and they made a merry party, when to them were added members of the President's family. At that time Russell B. Harrison, the President's son, was a man in the early thirties, and while a visitor

at frequent intervals, yet he did not reside with his parents in Washington, as did Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Dimmick, a charming young widow of thirty, I should say, and the Reverend Doctor Scott. As a matter of fact, next to the President himself, perhaps the most widely known member of the White House family was Baby McKee. As soon as General Harrison had been nominated for the presidency, throngs of people flocked to Indianapolis from all over the country. Little Ben, who had been born in his grandfather's house on March 15, 1887, was a very lively youngster, and as such was much in evidence about his grandfather's home. The visitors to Indianapolis, in the summer of 1888, used to see him on the porch, or in the grounds, and fell into the habit of saying to each other:

"Oh, there 's General Harrison's grandson, Baby McKee!"

The phrase was at once taken up by newspaper correspondents who had been sent to Indianapolis to "keep tabs" on the Republican nominee, and within forty-eight hours "Baby McKee" became famous — such fame as it

was. Columns were written about him and his appearance, and what he ate or did n't eat, and what he wore, and how he was taken care of. For some reason the American people seem dearly to love unimportant details concerning prominent persons, and they certainly were furnished with enough of them by the papers, in this instance. The family, however, did not call the boy "Baby McKee." To them, especially to his dignified grandfather, he was always "Benjamin," or sometimes "Ben." But he answered as readily to one as to the other. As he grew older, during General Harrison's presidency, he developed a taste for printing, and he had, even as a little boy, a small printing outfit at the White House with which he used to turn out cards and circulars of all kinds.

If there was one comrade in the world whom President Harrison enjoyed being with, it was little Ben. In the privacy of the living-rooms, upstairs, he used to romp with the little fellow whenever opportunity presented itself; and often he would take Ben by the hand, and they would gravely start off for a walk through the

grounds of the Executive Mansion, or down Pennsylvania Avenue; and thousands whom they met would stop and look after the wee little man, holding so tightly to the hand of the stout, dignified, elderly gentleman, who wore a silk hat and a long frock coat, and who occupied one of the most exalted positions that mortal man may attain.

While residing at the White House, President Harrison and his wife usually attended service in the Church of the Covenant, perhaps the leading Presbyterian Church of Washington, and at that time under the pastorate of the Reverend Doctor Hamlin. They went to church as they went elsewhere, with the utmost simplicity, and with no outward distinction from any others who were wending their way thither. They did not give evidence of such positive interest in religious matters as President and Mrs. Hayes had given, but I am sure they were, nevertheless, deeply interested in all that good works could accomplish.

As a general thing one of the first duties that the wife of an incoming President has to attend to, and one which she usually enjoys

heartily, is that of making such rearrangement and refurnishing of the White House as may be necessary or advisable, according to her personal taste, the size and customs of her family, etc. I remember one occasion when Mrs. Harrison had finally decided upon some slight architectural changes, that she brought her approved plans to the President, and asked his opinion of them. General Harrison studied the drawing with care, and noticed that several niches were left, each plainly marked. At last he said:

"Well, my dear, here is a place for Lincoln, and here is a place for Grant's bust. And you have left *three* places for Vest." Then he added, with well assumed indignation: "I am decidedly opposed to so many monuments to Vest, in the White House."

Mrs. Harrison hastened to explain — what her husband of course knew all the time — that the word "Vest" was the architect's contraction for "vestibule," of which there were three in the plans. Whereupon the President said he was satisfied, and handed the drawings back to her with a twinkle in his keen blue eyes.

President and Mrs. Harrison were what may be styled "home bodies," a good deal like President and Mrs. Hayes, in this respect; although the Harrison administration, especially in its earlier stages, was a pretty gay one, owing largely to the fact that Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison — when the latter was in Washington — dearly enjoyed to play the part of gracious hostesses. And as they all had many friends, who were cordially welcomed, the White House was often the scene of private festivities. The formal state dinners were held, of course, and a certain number of receptions. Mrs. Harrison found that she had plenty to do, and was right glad to have Mrs. McKee assist her, especially in handling her correspondence, for she employed no private secretary.

The President, himself, was a good host, and a capital story-teller when the surroundings were to his liking; but he was a very hard-working man during his term of office. He usually spent all of the morning and a part of each afternoon at his desk, or in consultation with Cabinet Members, Senators, Repre-

sentatives, and others who had government business to bring to his attention; and not a few of his evenings were thus taken up, also. But in good weather he would often slip out of the building, step into a buggy in which he liked to drive alone, and go spinning over the country roads until he came to some pleasant woodsy spot, where he would tie his horse, and stroll around under the trees, drinking in the fresh air, for an hour or two. He enjoyed these rambles, and was glad for the time being to get away from cares of state, and the many details of national importance which seem almost to overwhelm every President.

General Harrison did not care for hunting or fishing, as did Mr. Cleveland, and he took no active part in such sports as golf, tennis, billiards. But he liked to drive out in the country, and he was fond of walking, both in country and in town. Almost every pleasant day, toward sunset, he would start off from the White House grounds and step briskly over the pavements, sometimes across Lafayette Square to the newer portion of the city, sometimes down town. Occasionally little Ben, or

another of his intimates, would accompany him, but frequently he went alone, and never thought it necessary to have a guard following. A quiet, observant, elderly gentleman, with white hair, and beard turning white, peering with sharp eyes from under the rim of his silk hat, generally carrying a cane, he was a familiar figure to Washington; and well liked, too.

Both the President and Mrs. Harrison had a love for childhood, and were ever thinking of something to make happier the young people of the vicinity as well as of their own household. I remember in this connection the first Easter day of the Harrison administration, which came late in April. As usual on Easter Monday thousands of Washington children gathered on the South Grounds of the White House, to roll their eggs down the grassy slopes; and when they arrived there they found a wooden stand had been erected in the center of the great lawn. The boys and girls came in droves, from all points of the compass, and every one of them was wondering what that stand meant; for this was the first Easter Monday when one had been placed there. They

ascertained when the Marine Band filed through the driveway leading to it, took their places, and sounded the first notes of "Hail to the Chief," just as the door leading from the White House to the South Portico was opened, and out came the President of the United States, holding little Ben by one hand, waving the other in hearty welcome to the children swarming over the slopes. And there the President stood, surrounded by a group including Mrs. Harrison, and the Reverend Doctor Scott, while the eggs were being rolled. At once a shout went up from thousands of childish throats — and hearts, too, for this was the first time that the famous Marine Band had been ordered out to make merrier the Easter Monday egg-rolling.

As soon as President Harrison assumed his official duties, immediately after inauguration, his secretary, Mr. Halford, informed the staff of the Executive Office that there would be no work required of them on Sunday except in possible cases of emergency. Consequently most of the staff were glad to take advantage of this opportunity to rest one day in the week,

The White House

and to stay away from the White House. But from long habit I went over to the office each Sunday morning, for fear that something might arise for which I would be needed. And one Sunday — it was May 12, 1889 — I found there Mr. Frank Tibbett, an expert stenographer whom General Harrison had brought on from Indianapolis, and Miss Alice B. Sanger, another stenographer, and the only woman ever employed in such capacity at the White House. Miss Sanger, a very charming young woman, was exceedingly competent in her work, and still is in government employ. Well, I had not been long in the office, that May Sunday, when Mrs. Harrison entered, accompanied by two grandchildren, Benny and Mary McKee. She carried a quantity of beautiful flowers as gifts, and soon afterward Mrs. McKee came into the room, bringing a basket filled with delicious oranges for those whom she found there. I am quite sure she did not know of Mrs. Harrison's intentions, nor Mrs. Harrison of hers. But they were always doing things of that kind — remembering others, and trying to make life bright and happy.

It used to be a saying in Washington that President Harrison would go down on his knees to only one person — little Ben, whom he thought more of than any one else, I think, excepting his wife. And this casual saying proved to be true in one instance that I recall, which happened at about noon of June 2, 1889. I happened to be walking rapidly through a corridor when I saw the President just ahead of me, carrying his grandson in his arms. In going down the last of three steps General Harrison made a misstep and fell forward, but although down on his knees he managed so as to have his arms break the fall, and guarded Ben from being hurt. The President at once picked himself up, and went on, still carrying his precious burden; and neither of them so much as uttered a syllable of exclamation. The President probably thought that words would do no good, and little Ben was accustomed to think that everything his grandfather did was right, anyhow — tumbles included.

President Harrison's administration was connected with an unusual number of tragic occurrences, which deeply affected all those

in any intimate way connected with the White House. Invitations for the last of the state dinners of the season had been issued for the sixth of February, 1890, and other preparations had been completed, when came the unexpected death of Secretary Blaine's daughter, on Sunday, February 2. This was a severe shock, needless to say; and the dinner invitations were at once ordered withdrawn. But before this could be accomplished, on the very next day, February 3, the entire country was startled by the awful news of the burning of Secretary Tracy's residence, and the death of his wife and daughter and French maid, and his own narrow escape.

The President had made an appointment to be present in New York City on February 4, to participate in the centennial celebration of the organization of the Supreme Court of the United States. And so urgently was his presence desired that a committee from New York called at the White House and tried to insist that he keep the engagement; but he refused to go. The terrible afflictions so suddenly visited upon two of his Cabinet Officers

affected him seriously; and he was in constant attendance upon them both, doing all in his power not merely to show his sympathy, but to give practical assistance.

The tragedy in Secretary Tracy's household occurred early in the morning of Monday, and during that day the bodies of Mrs. Tracy and of her daughter were brought to the White House, where they were placed in the East Room, under the great chandelier, being constantly guarded by a doorkeeper. During that day and the day following many friends called at the White House, carrying flowers, which Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee arranged with their own hands over and about their dead friends, who had so suddenly, and in such an awful way, been called from this life.

On Wednesday morning the funeral services were held. Although all the seats that could be placed in the East Room had been provided, yet the room was taxed to its utmost capacity with relatives and personal friends of the mother and daughter. At eleven o'clock all who were to be present had arrived,

and the choristers slowly paced along the great corridor from the western end of the building to the East Room, where they took their station, and the services proceeded. To me, who had seen so much of gayety and grandeur and impressive ceremony in that magnificent apartment, during so many years, this was a strangely tragic sight. As the choristers started to sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," many of those present joined with them, or tried to; but a large number were so deeply affected that they could not take part in the music. The climax was reached when "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" was sung. By this time the great audience had itself under better control; and almost every one, from President, Vice-president, Cabinet Members, and other dignitaries, down to the least important, joined in the singing. The last lines had just been reached, however, when a realization of the horror of the tragedy seemed to surge again through all minds and hearts. Suddenly one of the little choir boys turned white, swayed slightly, and sank to the floor, fainting. He was immediately carried out and tenderly cared

for. Instantly the President glanced keenly at his afflicted Cabinet Officer; and quickly stepped across to him, placing a hand on his arm, and by words of sympathy tried to calm him. The tension was so great by this time that none were sorry that the services were closing. The bereaved husband and father, still leaning on the President's arm, followed the mortal remains of wife and daughter as they were borne outward from the East Room to the doorway of the White House, and as they were being placed in the hearses he turned away and went up to the room that had been provided for him in the Executive Mansion.

The birthday anniversary of little Ben Harrison McKee came only a fortnight after the events recorded above, and at about noon of March 15, he made a visit to the office force, holding tightly to his mother's hand. The little fellow came on a very special errand, which was to present to each of us, with his compliments, a piece of his birthday cake. As soon as this was accomplished, Ben climbed up on a chair and amused himself for nearly an hour, trying to use a typewriter, his mother mean-

while remaining there and chatting with some of us.

It had always been a matter of great satisfaction with me that all of the children of the White House, during the many administrations I have served, felt that they were welcome in the Executive Offices, and never hesitated to come there whenever they wanted to do so. I remember one day when Mrs. Harrison, having her grandchildren with her, was making a tour of the White House, showing it to a friend, a Mrs. Findley of Baltimore. The little people, as often happened, were making a good deal of noise, laughing, and skylarking as little ones will — and should! — but as soon as they reached the doors of the busy office they became quiet. They came over to my desk for a chat, and had not been there long when the President entered.

"I thought I heard children's voices at my door a little while ago," he said. "Where are they?"

Peering this way and that, as if he did not see them, he chuckled away down in his beard — as jolly grandfathers sometimes will — and

then, without warning, stooped down and kissed Mary McKee on the back of her plump, white little neck. To the surprise of every one Mary did not seem to appreciate this salutation; and vigorously wiping one small hand across her neck as if to wipe away the kiss, she exclaimed:

"Stop, grandpa! That is Cousin Marin's place to kiss!"

She was so in earnest, and withal so indignant, that the grown-ups who were there could not but burst into a shout of laughter; but the little maid was soon mollified, and went out as happy as she had come in.

The very next day after this occurrence Colonel Lamont's children and their mother made a visit to the White House, where they had not been for two years. In that short space of time Bessie, and "Midge," as we once called her, had grown out of their babyhood, and had become very pretty little girls, while the baby of the Lamont household, Francis, who had been born during the last year of Cleveland's Presidency, was two years old or more, and talked as prettily — in "baby talk," of course — as ever a baby did. On the day

referred to, March 31, 1891, they came to the White House to see Baby McKee and his little sister Mary. Lizzie, the old nurse of the Lamont family, was with them, and mightily pleased I was, you may be sure, when word was brought that the little visitors wanted to see Colonel Crook. I went downstairs as soon as I could, and found them seated in all dignity and magnificence, in the great East Room. It was very funny, as well as very cunning, to see the two mites of humanity gravely ensconced in that magnificent, spacious room, but I greeted them with all our old-time friendliness, and they soon forgot their immediate surroundings, and became fellow playmates again of the elderly man who was so glad to see them. After a little talk the youngsters asked to be shown through the parlors, and I took them from one room to another with all the dignity I could muster on such short notice and under such circumstances, leaving them in the Blue Room, while I went in quest of Mrs. Harrison, to inform her of the visitors. When she learned that Colonel Lamont's children were there to call on Ben and Mary, she said:

"Bring them upstairs at once, Colonel, if you kindly will." So I returned to my little friends, and went upstairs with them, carrying baby Francis in my arms. At the nursery door we were met by Mrs. Harrison, who took them inside and introduced them to her grandchildren. Ben at once perceived that it was his duty to act as host, and he hurried around, placing chairs for the guests. There was a dead silence for a moment after they were seated. Then Mary Mc Kee went up to Francis, and said:

"I 'm glad to see you."

"How many dolls 've you got?" Francis inquired.

Mary did not reply, but started off to get these, her choicest treasures, and soon brought out and exhibited the French doll, the German doll, the American doll, and many others. Finally, to crown the exhibit, she brought the talking-doll, and made it "speak its piece" to the delight of all present.

After this marvelous dolly had been carefully put away, Mrs. Harrison sent for some biscuits — wonderful biscuits they were,

too, good to eat, plenty of them, and all made to represent chickens. The visitors and their host and hostess were very busy for some little time after this, but at last the final vestige of crisp cake was consumed, and Ben, stepping to Bessie and "Midge" and Baby Francis, gravely gave his hand to each in turn. Whereupon, naturally, good-byes were said.

"I hope you will all call again," remarked Ben, in his distinguished grandpapa's most dignified manner. To which little Francis lisped: "Thank you."

Then the impromptu party broke up. And as Colonel Lamont's three little ones sedately walked downstairs to the main entrance of the White House, I said to myself that if some older people in high position, who occasionally visited the White House during one administration or another, could have witnessed the simplicity of these children, they would have learned a lesson in social etiquette.

The day before Christmas, 1892, a well-known physician, Doctor Gardener, was summoned to the White House, to see Russell Harrison's little daughter, who was ill; and when

he left the sick-room he said she was suffering from a light form of scarlet fever. As may be imagined, this was a startling statement, not merely for parents and grandparents to hear, but for every one of the large force who were compelled to be in the Executive Mansion day after day. Not a moment was lost in taking measures to prevent the spreading of the disease, especially because of Ben and little Mary McKee. Mrs. Russell Harrison had been occupying the room formerly used by President Arthur and President Cleveland, and in that room the child was quarantined. So completely was it isolated from the rest of the President's household that only by means of a relay of messengers could news be obtained from the sick-room. For example, when Mrs. Harrison sent an inquiry there, she gave it to a messenger, who took it halfway down the corridor until he nearly met another messenger, to whom he repeated the inquiry, and this second man sped further down the corridor to the door of the sick-room, there repeating the question. Some one inside the room would give him the answer, and he would hurry back

with it until he came near the other messenger, who would carry it to Mrs. Harrison without having come in direct contact with patient, nurse, or even his fellow-messenger.

Mr. Robert McKee had spent Christmas at the White House, that year, with his wife and children, and on December 28 he came to me and said:

"Colonel, I am about to leave for New York. Would you please tell one of the door-keepers to tell the steward to tell Mr. Russell Harrison's man to say to Mr. Harrison that I am going up to the city, and ask whether I can do anything for him there?"

I carried out the request, and in due time word came back that Russell Harrison had left for New York the night before. This may give some idea of the isolation that was maintained. Mr. Harrison, of course, had not been quarantined, but he kept away from others of the President's household as a precautionary measure.

In drawing near the close of my remembrances of the Harrison family life in the White House, I feel it necessary to revert once

more to an experience which has been suffered by more occupants of the Executive Mansion than most people are aware. I refer to the keen sorrow, at times even the poignant anguish, felt by many a wife and mother and daughter of one President or another as a result of bitter attack by opposition newspapers and men in opposing political parties or factions. Nowadays we term as "muckrakers" the periodicals which attack this official or that corporation, or the other policy, with charges of dishonesty, with insinuations of improper favoritism, with innuendo, even, of personal profit in some transactions. The name is new, that is all. My older readers will remember the assaults made upon the character as well as the judgment of Lincoln. President Johnson was the subject of impeachment proceedings, Grant was "followed into his grave," by political assailants. Few, indeed, have escaped fierce attack, ridicule, or worse. When I look back over the past forty-six years in the White House, and recall some of these things, I do not wonder that many an able, brilliant man refuses to enter public life in this

country, simply because he will not subject himself and his family to such misery. It is not for me to say whether any of the Presidents whom I have served paid serious attention to the wide-sweeping tide of such assault as is referred to; but I know that many a woman whose husband or son or father occupied the most exalted position in the gift of the American people, has grieved and sorrowed, as few other women have been called upon to do. And the wife of President Harrison was no exception to the general rule.

One day, in the course of business, I found myself in Mrs. Harrison's presence. That she was suffering keenly needed no telling. She had been reading some of the newspapers; and as I approached she raised her eyes and exclaimed:

"Oh, Colonel Crook, what have we done!"

Shocked at her appearance I said:

"I do not understand, Madam. What do you mean?"

"What have we ever done," she exclaimed, "that we should be held up to ridicule by newspapers, and the President be so cruelly

attacked, and even his little, helpless grandchildren be made fun of, for the country to laugh at!"

For a moment I did not know what to reply; and she continued:

"If *this* is the penalty for being President of the United States, I hope the Good Lord will deliver my husband from any further experience."

As I left her, a few minutes later, I wondered, as I often have wondered since, whether the men who sit in their editorial rooms miles away, framing up attacks, devising ridicule and insinuation, have any idea of the merciless way their barbed arrows not only sink into the hearts and souls of men whom the people have chosen to represent them and who try to represent them fairly and honestly, but also tear and lacerate the loving, tender sympathies of defenseless women, young and old, whose cheeks are wet with hot tears when they feel the wounds caused by those deadly shafts.

Any man in public office, be he President or street-sweeper, who does wrong, or deals unjustly, or is neglectful of the trust imposed in

him, is open to fair criticism and honest censure. But I submit that it is cowardly, wicked, cruel, for the press of this country to indulge in such unwarranted assaults as have been all too frequent; to drag into their net for public exploitation and ridicule the women and children of the President's family and to show base disregard of the common decencies of life.

It was not so very long after the painful interview with Mrs. Harrison, recorded above, that she lay down in her frailty and weakness in one of the rooms of the White House, where she breathed her last between Monday night, October 24, 1892, and the following morning. A loving wife, a tender mother, an ideal grandmother — she passed away in the room made memorable by the sufferings of Garfield. As far as possible, under the circumstances, the funeral services were private, and interment was made in Indianapolis.

VIII

THE HOME LIFE OF McKINLEY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

THROUGH all of his long and busy public life, William McKinley possessed — or was possessed by — two characteristics that set him apart from almost all other men of his generation because of their intensity. These characteristics were unswerving devotion to his country, and unceasing devotion to his wife, all the more beloved because of her invalidism.

For many years the nation at large had had reason good and sufficient to understand the calibre and forcefulness of this man's patriotism — from that day in June, 1866, when President Johnson signed, and Edwin M. Stanton countersigned, his commission as Major in the Army of the United States, McKinley had been growing in stature, and in statesmanship. Twenty-two years later he made a memorable address before the Republican

Club of New York, on the night of Lincoln's birthday anniversary; and the newspaper reporters who heard his ringing words there, in the old Delmonico's building, tingled as they sent them flashing through the land, where next morning they were read by three score millions of people.

During Major McKinley's life in Washington as a member of the House of Representatives, he resided in the Ebbitt House, well known as the home of army and navy people; and while those in the hotel knew how tenderly he cared for his wife, yet this was not generally understood, perhaps, until he gave his first state dinner as President. These formal, precise, and elegant entertainments are by no means an unimportant feature of any Presidency. It is through them that Cabinet Members, Supreme Court Justices, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and other high and powerful personages are welcome in the White House. When a President gives a state dinner, not he alone, but the whole people of the United States are the hosts. The arrangement and the seating of the guests vary according to

circumstances, and the tables accommodate thirty-six or fifty or even a larger number of persons.

It had always been the unwritten, and, I believe, the invariable custom for the President to take out to dinner the wife of the Secretary of State — the Chief of his Cabinet; and this Secretary to have the honor of escorting to table the wife of the President; or in her absence, whoever may be acting as the Lady of the White House. Thus the President would sit in the middle of one side of the table, and next to him the wife of the Secretary of State; and the Secretary would sit opposite the President, and at his side would be the President's wife. But the guests assembled for McKinley's first diplomatic dinner noticed that the President gave his arm to Mrs. McKinley and escorted her to the state dining-room. The President took his place as usual, but first he himself carefully drew back the chair at his right, and helped to a comfortable seat therein the frail, sweet-faced little woman on whom he ever lavished the love and tenderness that filled his heart to overflowing.

From that hour until the last hour he spent alive in the White House, Mrs. McKinley was always at her husband's side in any public affair, regardless of custom, precedent, or tradition. And when he was falling to the ground, that awful day in Buffalo, holding his hands to the gaping wound in his side, he found strength to murmur:

"She's sleeping — break the news gently to her."

Such was William McKinley, as man and husband.

Because of his long residence in Washington, and his prominence in national affairs for so many years, Major McKinley was familiar with every phase of official life when came the day of his inauguration. On Thursday, March 4, 1897, he drove to the Capitol in a landau drawn by four horses, sitting on the left of the outgoing President, Mr. Cleveland. When he returned to the White House, after having been inaugurated, their positions were, as usual, reversed, the incoming President sitting on the right of the outgoing. On the box were the coachman and footman; dashing

ahead to make sure the way was clear, rode a squad of mounted police; and surrounding the carriage was a troop of cavalry — the famous Black Horse Troop of Ohio, numbering among its members in their brave uniforms, Webb Hayes, a son of a former President.

Other specially invited members of the President's inaugural party followed close behind him in other carriages, on the return to the White House; and while these guests were making merry, that beautiful day, in corridors and the Green Room and the Red Room, President McKinley and Mr. Cleveland went by themselves into the Blue Room, where they spent a few minutes in quiet conversation. Both of them seemed to be very happy; one at the prospect that he might prove himself worthy of the trust placed in him by the people who had elected him to the most exalted office in their power; and the other was equally elated, because he now saw before him possible years of rest, of peaceful life with his beautiful young wife and their children; and I am sure that a great load was lifted from his broad shoulders that very hour.

As they stood there in the Blue Room, bidding good-bye to each other, Mr. Cleveland caught a glimpse of me as I was hurrying past in the corridor, and called me in.

"I want to say good-bye to you, also," he said, putting forth his strong, right hand, which I grasped for a moment. He added kindly words as to what I had been able to do for him during his two terms; and I think he took this opportunity, out of the goodness of his heart, because he thought it might be better than any formal recommendation he might write to the new President. I am sure it accomplished the evident object; and I was so surprised at his words that I could only respond awkwardly, I fear, to his good wishes so expressed. The next moment he and President McKinley were shaking hands in cordial farewell; for whatever their political differences, yet each knew the true manhood of the other, each knew that the other had fought not merely hard, but fairly, for his principles; and that is the kind of thing that makes inevitable respect and admiration between true men of even the most pronounced partisanship.

"Good-bye, Mr. President," said Cleveland. "I wish you success and happiness, in the next few years, and for many years to come."

"Good-bye, Mr. Cleveland. With all my heart I wish you happiness and peace, and joy — for you and yours."

For a single instant these two men stood there, looking into each other's eyes, smiling, hopeful for the future, and confident. Then they parted, Mr. Cleveland withdrawing from the Blue Room with his accustomed impressive dignity. Hardly had he done so when a frail little lady, dressed in black, hurriedly entered, exclaiming:

"Major! Major, where are you? . . . Oh!" she added, with evident relief in her tones, "*there* you are! We 'd better start now, the luncheon is announced, and all are ready."

The President at once stepped forward, and went with his wife to join the guests who had assembled to welcome him to his new home.

There was nothing forgotten or left undone at this first luncheon, in the White House of President McKinley, for he had wisely decided

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William McKinley and Mrs. McKinley at Senator Hanna's residence, Cleveland, Ohio, July 25, 1894

to continue as steward a colored man, William Sinclair, who had been steward during both of the Cleveland administrations, and who served Mr. Cleveland in Albany before his employer was elected to the presidency. As soon as the luncheon had been disposed of, the new President went to the great reviewing-stand, erected in front of the White House and facing Pennsylvania Avenue, where he remained until the parade was over. A pleasant, beautiful day it was; and this fact remains clearly in my mind because the weather is so apt to be inclement at that season. And we all hoped, in the Executive Office, that it might presage a calm, clear, pleasant administration. Little did any of us suspect that scarcely a year later the world was to be startled by the blowing up of one of our splendid war ships in a foreign harbor, and that war, quickly following, would largely, if not wholly, change our national attitude, would add enormously to our responsibilities in remote regions of the earth, and would be the final, compelling reason for the immediate construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

When the parade was over, that afternoon of Inauguration Day, President McKinley returned to the White House, and passed me as I was standing in the corridor. As he reached the door of his office he paused, turned slightly, and said:

"Crook, will you come in with me?"

"Certainly, Mr. President," I responded. "With great pleasure."

He passed into the office, and, taking a chair, asked me to be seated. Then he said:

"I intend to get right down to business without delay, and as there is much to be done, I want to speak with you about the personnel of the office staff."

He paused long enough to light a fresh cigar — for he was a heavy smoker — and then continued:

"In the first place, I wish to make as few changes as possible. I do not want to make any changes unless necessary for the good of the service, and so I take the earliest opportunity to speak to you about the office staff."

Thereupon we entered into a discussion of the whole matter; he asked many questions re-

garding the office routine and the work of the various men, which I answered carefully and truthfully. At the end of half an hour he had grasped the situation fully. Then I left him and went back to my desk, more than satisfied with the outcome. I had known Major McKinley for many years, of course, and had always found him kindly, agreeable, courteous; but I did not know until after that first interview in the Executive Office, just what my relations to him would be while he was President. I found him absolutely unchanged; dignified, always conscious of his influence, therefore, careful of his words. But in no sense other than the simple, true-hearted, American citizen he had been from the day when I first laid eyes on him, many years previous.

While President McKinley's immediate family consisted only of himself and his wife, yet his brother, Abner McKinley, and Mrs. Abner McKinley, and their daughter Miss Mabel McKinley, were frequent visitors at the White House, as were such intimate friends as General Hastings of Pennsylvania, and Governor Herrick of Ohio. The President's wife was

not an invalid in the sense that Mrs. Andrew Johnson had been; and while she never was strong and well, when I knew her, yet she generally was up and about the White House, doing her part, in every way desirous of aiding her husband so far as her physical disability would permit.

When living in the White House she was rather frail in appearance, and her hair was turning gray. But the sweetness of her face, and her eyes, showed that in her younger days she must have been a very beautiful woman. At the formal receptions she would take her place by her husband's side, and there stand with him at the head of the receiving-line as long as her strength held out, after which she would sit down; but she would remain close to him until the affair was over.

There was little of real gayety in the White House during President McKinley's residence there, for several reasons. In the first place he was a grave, serious-minded man, who had been preoccupied with serious affairs for so much of his life that he had never cultivated the lighter side to any appreciable extent.

Then again, gayety, lightness, music, merriment were foreign to his nature. Had he been the father of lusty, growing children, all this might have been altered; but he lived apart from that one element of human life which, more than any other, keeps men and women young, despite advancing years. Furthermore, his wife's ill-health was a constant source of anxiety to him, and because of her nervous disorder she was physically unable to endure, much less inspire in others, an atmosphere of singing joyousness. Lastly, her husband was the subject of fierce attack, growing more and more bitter, on the part of opposing politicians and newspapers, which in itself was sufficient to crush to earth the spirits of any human being, no matter how laughter-loving by nature; and to this was added a full knowledge of the conditions in Cuba, growing more terrible, it seemed, month by month. Taken altogether, it is no wonder that President McKinley's home life in the White House was grave rather than gay. Yet, when his niece, Miss Mabel McKinley, visited there, she brought with her a revivifying rush of good spirits and joyousness

that was most welcome. We all knew when she had arrived, for soon after her coming she would sit down at a piano, either in the Red Room, or in the President's living-rooms upstairs, and her truly remarkable voice would come rolling and swelling through the corridors in a way that made most of those in the office lay down their pens and listen intently.

The President and Mrs. McKinley usually had friends for luncheon at one o'clock, or shortly after; and Mrs. McKinley received her intimate friends in her own reception room, both in the morning and in the afternoon, when she was not engaged in household duties, for these she attended to punctiliously, notwithstanding her ill-health. She did not go out as much as wives of most other Presidents have done, and she spent a great deal of her time in reading; but even more, I think, in knitting or sewing fancy articles, which she freely gave away to be sold at church fairs all over the country, or in other charitable ways. She was unable to take active part in such affairs, but she felt that she could do something in the manner alluded to. I have understood that the

articles made by the President's wife often sold for a price that helped materially to swell the receipts of various fairs. Her sister, Mrs. M. C. Barber, of Canton, Ohio, was frequently a visitor at the White House, but she was not able to have many other house guests.

President McKinley, like his wife, always dressed well, but neither of them had any expensive tastes that I am aware of. He was quite content to drive every pleasant afternoon, back of a span of horses that were good enough roadsters for the average American gentleman to possess, but which were by no means to be compared with the matched teams of Grant, or Harrison, or Cleveland. But Mr. McKinley seemed to enjoy them as thoroughly as if they had been the finest span from the Tsar's stables. Beyond these daily drives in and about Washington, and walks around the White House grounds with his secretary, John Addison Porter, Mr. McKinley did not take much exercise. He did not care for billiards or golf or tennis, or — so far as I ever knew — for hunting or fishing.

One thing he thoroughly did enjoy, how-

ever, was a moderately good cigar; a fairly good cigar, I mean, well made, of suitable size, consisting principally of domestic leaf. For expensive, choice, imported cigars he did not care at all. When he became President, and it was expected that on certain occasions he would have fine cigars to offer, he would provide the best that Havana could send to this country. But he always had in a drawer of his desk a box of his favorite brand, for his own personal enjoyment; and the counterpart of that box was always kept open, day and night, at the cigar-stand of the Ebbitt House, ready for him should he happen to stop in at any moment.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was by nature and custom serious and dignified, President McKinley was kindness itself to the employees in his Executive Office. During his entire presidency he never returned to the city after an absence without stepping into the office, waving his hand to the entire staff, and saying, cordially:

"Gentlemen, I am glad to see you all again!" He never missed giving us this personal greeting, from the day he entered the Execu-

President McKinley embarking for a Potomac trip

tive Mansion as President until he left it for the last time. Furthermore, notwithstanding his dignity of demeanor, he was always approachable by any who had reason to call upon him; and he always seemed to have time to transact his business without being hurried. I never saw him out of temper, or ruffled or disturbed, even for an instant. Perhaps it was because of his equable disposition, and his self-control, and ease of manner, that he was so often called upon to use his personal influence to settle disputes, for years before he became President. And it was because of his success in smoothing over differences that he was often called " The Pacifier " by his fellow members in the House.

This ability to calm down others I think resulted from the tact with which McKinley was so richly endowed, and which more than once served him in good stead. I recall one incident that illustrates the carefulness with which he guarded his words, lest misconstruction might be placed upon them. On October 22, 1897, the East Room was filled with people waiting to pay their respects to the President; among

them Mrs. John A. Logan, who had brought with her Miss Cisneros, the young and beautiful Cuban girl who had been rescued from a Spanish prison by Mr. Karl Decker, who was also present with his wife. Miss Cisneros had undergone an experience which had attracted to her the sympathy and admiration of the whole country, and she was placed in the front of the crowd of those who had assembled to meet the President. At that time, of course, the talk of American intervention in Cuba was growing stronger and stronger; tales of Spanish oppression and atrocity were being printed far and wide, and the more irresponsible of the sensational newspapers were doing their best to inflame the people in order to bring about the war which many felt was inevitable.

At first it was not known, that October afternoon, that Miss Cisneros had come to the White House to pay her respects to the President. But soon this became noised about, and every one tried to get near enough to see what the President would do, and to hear what he would say. The great mass of those present in the East Room — who did not understand

McKinley — thought he might show by his words and manner what he intended to do in the Cuban situation which all felt was rapidly nearing a crisis. For it is by no means unusual for a ruler in some such way to give an indication of his attitude toward a great question that is agitating the whole people. Consequently all pressed forward, with manifestations of excitement, to see Miss Cisneros, and note the way she was greeted by the President.

Before long Mr. McKinley came into the East Room, and, approaching Mrs. Logan, extended his hand, greeting her cordially, whereupon she introduced Miss Cisneros and Mr. Decker. The President shook hands with them courteously; then, without giving them any special attention whatever, turned to others who were waiting in line. Thus he was particular to show no favoritism whatever; and I verily believe that if the Commander of the Spanish Garrison in Cuba had been directly back of Miss Cisneros, the President would have given him the same impersonal, noncommittal greeting.

Not long after General Harrison had been

inaugurated, he sent for me, handed me his army commission, and asked me to take care of it. And on February 10, 1898, President McKinley called me into his office, and handed me a rolled document, saying:

"Crook, here is my commission as Major in the army. I wish you would personally see that it is framed, in order that it may be preserved from injury."

I wondered at the time that neither of these men had taken care, long before, that their commissions should be framed; but both were extremely modest, shunning display, and feeling no doubt that the military services they had rendered were comparatively unimportant. In their dislike of anything approaching personal display they were much like Lincoln, Grant, and Cleveland. They felt a certain contempt for such merely outward appearance, and seemed to regard it as akin to childish vanity. Whether this feeling was justified is not for me to say; but I do remember with amusement that it was left for a civilian President, Mr. Cleveland, to be the object of military display which up to that time had not been shown any

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The President's Bedroom

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The President's Dining-Room

of our Presidents, so far as I can ascertain. And you may be sure that Mr. Cleveland, with his honest, bluff simplicity of taste, was not responsible for the innovation, which came about in this way:

During one of the earlier of Cleveland's public receptions, a large number of guests reached the White House quite early in the evening. Just before the time arrived for the President to come downstairs and take his place at the head of the receiving-line, Colonel Lamont hurried up to me, as I was strolling through the rooms, inspecting the company gathered there, and said:

"Crook, there are a good many army and navy officers present. I wish you would ask them all out into the corridor, and have them form in two lines, leading from the foot of the main staircase, so that when the President comes down he may pass between the lines."

"You wish the army and navy officers lined up from the foot of the main staircase?" I asked to make sure.

"Yes," he replied, "and you had better start at once, for the President will soon appear."

Whereupon I at once approached the officers, saying:

"Colonel Lamont would be greatly obliged if you would kindly form two lines, leading from the foot of the main staircase, so the President may pass through, and thus be received with military and naval honors."

Some of the officers started at once for the great corridor, but others looked sharply at me to see if I were serious. I assured these latter that I was entirely serious in delivering Colonel Lamont's message, and that he had been wholly serious in making the request.

In a few minutes the lines were formed, the Marine Band started to play "Hail to the Chief," and Mr. Cleveland came down the stairway with dignified, deliberate step. If he was surprised to see at the foot of it the two lines of army and navy officers, resplendent in dress uniforms, he made no sign, unless it was to glance even more sharply than usual from under that calm, firm brow. At any rate he passed through the rigidly composed lines without comment, and the reception thereafter took place as usual.

Of course, the innovation quickly became a topic of general conversation, which continued during most of the evening. Some of the guests, particularly civilians, thought it a good thing for the Commander-in-Chief to be shown such honor and deference; but most of the officers kept their own counsel. Before the reception was over, however, one gray-haired old warrior, who had fought Indians all over the plains before going to the front in "sixty-one," backed me up into a corner, and delivered himself of an opinion. His neck and face were a deep red with suppressed emotion, and his eyes had a steely glint as he said:

"Crook, I want to know if that is to be the usual thing at public receptions after this? Do you know what I felt like? Well, I 'll tell you; I felt as if we were a lot of blooming flowerpots stood up there in two rows for the President to saunter in between, and if this is an example of democratic simplicity, you 'll find that the country does n't like it, and does n't want it!"

I explained that the request I had delivered came not from the President, but from Colonel

Lamont, and did all I could to pacify the indignant officer. But such things were wholly absent during McKinley's administration, as they had been under Harrison's.

The first year of President McKinley's home life in the White House was burdened with many public issues, and especially with the news from Cuba which grew more and more serious as the months went by. It has often been said that this country was forced into the war with Spain by certain inflammatory newspapers, especially in New York, the reiterated sensational articles and cartoons of which drove the unthinking part of the people into a condition of unreasoning hysteria. It has been said, also, that some sort of intervention by the United States was inevitable; and that Spain could not have effected a sale of Cuba to this country, or allowed us to take charge of Cuban affairs in any other way, without undergoing a revolution at home. Be that as it may, one thing I am certain of: President McKinley did everything in his power to avert war. He knew what war meant. He knew that almost anything is preferable to war, and to avert hostili-

ties he toiled day after day, night after night, regardless of personal fatigue and danger to his health.

During all those weeks and months, too, when he was laboring as few other men have labored under like circumstances, he was the object of as venomous attack as if he were a monster, a traitor to his country, an unmitigated scoundrel devoid of compassion and common humanity. Those who were constantly in the White House during that winter of 1897–1898, knew what he went through; and they were not displeased when word came from city after city that clubs and civic bodies and commercial organizations had passed resolutions refusing to admit to their reading-rooms the worst of those newspapers. But through it all President McKinley gave no outward sign that he was affected by the attacks. He was ever calm, quiet, self-contained; and if possible his care of his wife grew more and more tender as the assaults upon his motives and his integrity grew in intensity.

The President and his wife could not be as much together in those anxious days and even-

ings, as they had usually been. Yet when he was with her, at table, or for a few minutes in the afternoon, or for a little visit in the library after dinner, he looked after her as if she were a child. When she wanted a pen, or a needle, or a book to read, all she did was to say so, and the President would start at once, hurrying after it as quickly as possible. This devotion to his invalid wife was beautiful; but it was also pathetic when we knew the weight of affairs he was carrying, which in their ultimate aspect could hardly fail to change the position and relations of the United States with all the rest of the world.

I left my home on the morning of February 15, 1898, without having glanced at a newspaper. Matters relating to Cuba had become so critical that each morning I went to the office as soon as I could eat a little breakfast, and without pausing to read a paper or do anything else.

As soon as I set foot in the White House I knew that something terrible had happened. Clerks and messengers were hurrying to and fro; the rooms fairly buzzed with excitement;

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

The White House Terrace, looking toward the Treasury

additional emergency operators were swarming into the telegraph room, where messages addressed to the President were arriving from all over the country, from hundreds of private citizens, and from newspapers, as well as from officials. Reporters and correspondents were crowding the hallway upstairs, and word was brought that the President wished to see me at once in his private office. I hurried thither, and entering, found McKinley bending over papers and telegrams and maps spread out on his desk. As I came in he looked up, and while his words were calm and his voice unchanged, yet he looked greatly distressed. He had done all he could to avert war, but the sinking of the *Maine* was the climax, and then nothing could avert hostilities.

Scarcely had he given me my instructions when, early as it was, Cabinet Officers and Senators began to arrive, and from that day until April 25, when Congress declared war, the President scarcely took time to eat or sleep. During these ten days Mrs. McKinley was greatly distressed because her husband was worried; and of course this added to his anx-

iety. But when Dewey's success at Manila was assured, the load of sadness was lifted from both of them, and the President seemed to be greatly elated; for he knew that this brilliant victory meant an early ending of the war.

When the treaty of peace had been signed, there remained much to do in reorganizing some sort of government in Cuba, and in trying to help the Cubans to support themselves; for these reasons, largely, McKinley's home life in the White House was mostly a life of the hardest kind of work. All employed there were glad, I think, when, in the first week of September, 1901, he went to Buffalo with Mrs. McKinley to make an address at the Pan-American Exposition.

It so happened that not a single member of the Cabinet was in Washington on the afternoon of Friday, September 6. The Vice-president, Mr. Roosevelt, was at Isle La Motte, in Lake Champlain, as guest of the Vermont Fish and Game League. Members of the office staff, of course, were attending to their duties in the White House, and business was going forward as usual, when a key in the

telegraph room snapped out a few words which caught the ever-alert ear of Colonel Montgomery, Superintendent of the White House Telegraph Bureau.

With an exclamation of horror, he sprang out of his chair, himself flashed an order for a through wire to the telegraph office in the Exposition grounds, and while this was being made ready he stepped out to the main office and read us the message he had just received, and which came from the Chief Operator of the Western Union in Buffalo.

It was a brief message, hurled through to Washington with the utmost despatch, and gave merely the salient facts that the President had been shot "by an American Anarchist." Somehow news of the startling tragedy flew like wildfire through the White House, and as Colonel Montgomery slowly and solemnly read the message the office became crowded with employees, officials, and newspaper men who hurried in. Tears streamed down Colonel Montgomery's face as he sought to keep his voice calm; others were trembling, going white with shock. And as I glimpsed the meaning of those words, I cried in my heart:

"Good God! First Lincoln — then Garfield — and now McKinley!"

Under the strain and the memories I broke down and wept like a child.

Half an hour after the receipt of this first despatch came a message over the long-distance telephone wire from an official of the Exposition, giving details of the tragedy; and a little later Mr. Dawes, Comptroller of the Treasury, and Mrs. Dawes, together with Paymaster Barber — nephew of Mrs. McKinley — took a train from Washington for Buffalo.

Of course, none of the office staff thought for a moment of going home at the close of the business day, or of dining or of doing anything else than waiting for further news, which came at intervals, in brief bulletins, until, at six o'clock, General Gillespie, acting Secretary of War, received from Captain John B. Wisser, commanding the Seventy-third Company of Coast Artillery, at Buffalo, a coherent, detailed statement, giving the truth of the event as far as then could be learned. General Gillespie telegraphed back to Buffalo ordering the post Surgeon at Fort Porter to start at once to at-

tend the Commander-in-Chief, and that a detachment of troops from that post be rushed to the Exposition grounds and thrown around the hospital there to act as guard.

It was not until that afternoon of September 6 that the country as a whole understood the greatness, the gentleness, the courage of William McKinley. As soon as the fatal shot was fired, Mr. Cortelyou, secretary to the President, and other officials sprang to his assistance, and while some of the detectives present helped to place the wounded man in a chair, other guards threw themselves upon the assassin, hurled him to the ground, and wrenched the smoking pistol from his murderous hand. The President's face was very white —I am quoting from one who was present— and he made no outcry as he sank back, holding one hand at his abdomen, the other fumbling at his breast. His eyes were open; he was clearly conscious of all that happened. And in that moment of supreme agony, when his very life-blood was gushing forth, he looked up into the face of Mr. Milburn, President of the Exposition, and gasped:

" Cortelyou — Cortelyou. My wife — be careful about her. She 's sleeping — break the news gently to her. . . . "

Moved by pain, he writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of his would-be murderer, Czolgosz, who lay on the floor, helpless beneath the blows of the Exposition guard.

With a self-mastery and a charity almost divine the President raised his right hand and placed it on the shoulder of Mr. Cortelyou.

" Let no one hurt him," he said in a voice of command, so firm that all who heard it were startled.

The next instant he sank back in the chair while the Exposition guards carried the assassin away.

At the time of the shooting, Mrs. McKinley was quietly asleep in the home of Mr. Milburn, and in pursuance of her husband's wishes she was not disturbed or told of the dreadful event for some little time after it had occurred.

The Vice-president was at once notified, and left Isle La Motte on a steam yacht, which rushed him to Burlington, where a special

train was made ready on which he hastened to Buffalo.

President McKinley died at 2.15 A. M., on Saturday, September 14, and just before he passed away his wife was taken into the room where he lay, to bid him final farewell. As she was tenderly led away from that chamber of death, he whispered:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," — words of the hymn always dear to his heart. Feebly and with effort, he added, "Good-bye, all; good-bye. . . . It is God's way, not ours. . . . "

When the office staff came to the White House, a few hours later, that Saturday morning, the great flag was already at half mast, and on the front door was posted a printed card, bearing a single word: "Closed."

The high windows of the East Room were covered by white shades which had been drawn over them. Visitors were denied admittance to the building, although many came there, and strolled around the grounds before leaving. The employees of the White House went about their duties with careworn faces and soft steps; and a large force of men were already on hand

making everything ready for the return of Mrs. McKinley and her dead.

The train bearing the lifeless body of this martyred President arrived in Washington Monday evening, September 16, and the mortal remains of a man who truly was beloved by all who knew him lay in the East Room, surrounded by a guard of honor until the following day, when they were taken to the Capitol, and there lay in state, under the lofty dome of the rotunda. The flag was half-masted at the main entrances to the Capitol, but there was no black drapery or other indication of death, the law having been already passed which provides against such drapery on public buildings.

To the amazement of her physician and other attendants, Mrs. McKinley bore up surprisingly during all the days and nights of this ordeal, and her physical condition occasioned little anxiety when the funeral train left Washington in three sections on the following Wednesday.

The services of interment were held in Canton, Ohio, on Thursday. Mrs. McKinley never came back to the White House, all her

personal belongings there being packed shortly afterward and sent to her by Mr. Cortelyou.

In closing this brief chapter, I have one regret: that I am unable fittingly to characterize the unspeakable wickedness of those newspaper editors, managers, directors, whose savagery and ferocity and fanaticism led them to print and throw broadcast over the country, for days and weeks and months, such attacks upon President McKinley as undoubtedly preyed upon the unbalanced minds of many, and which certainly contributed to, if indeed they did not directly cause, his assassination.

IX

WHITE HOUSE RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in some ways the most extraordinary man who has ever been President of the United States, took the oath of office at Buffalo on September 14, 1901. On Friday, September 20, he arrived in Washington, from Canton, Ohio, where he attended the funeral services of his predecessor, and came directly to the White House, reaching here at 9.40 o'clock in the morning, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, and his brother-in-law, Commander Cowles, of the navy. He at once called a Cabinet meeting, after which he went to Commander Cowles's home for luncheon.

I had seen much of Mr. Roosevelt while he was Civil Service Commissioner residing in Washington. Even in those days he was a

remarkable man, absolutely fearless, full of energy, snap, vigor; and so in earnest about everything he undertook that all who came in contact with him set him down as one with whom the world would have to reckon some time. His coming to the White House as President created more than a little speculation on the part of those employed in the Executive Office. Nobody knew just what would happen; but all realized to the full that they were face to face with a force new to American life; that they were to be called upon to help carry out plans and policies of an energy literally tireless and of boundless scope. And yet, not one man of us had the slightest apprehension; for every one felt that if we tried to do our work faithfully, we had nothing to fear. As far as we were concerned there was no need for a declaration as to a " square deal." It was ours from the moment Theodore Roosevelt stepped into the White House that Friday morning of September 20, 1901, with Mr. Cortelyou and Commander Cowles, and called the first meeting of his Cabinet advisers. And it was ours continuously until the few moments when he

called us together, on March 3, 1909, and spoke his farewell to his office force.

Three days after President Roosevelt came to the White House, Mr. Cortelyou summoned the office staff to the old Cabinet room, which then was still used as the private office of the Executive. Arriving there we naturally fell into a line, and the President strode toward us with his decisive step. For a moment he looked us over — a single, sweeping glance of his peculiar intensity — and then, his face breaking into a smile, he said:

"I 'm glad to see you all, gentlemen. . . . But I did n't know I had such a large office force!"

Then he came still nearer, and shook hands with each one.

There was something engaging, something electric, about him; about his tremendous vigor, his physical power, his direct, unswerving, intense expression of countenance, and his heartiness of manner, which, combined, produced a remarkable effect. It has been my privilege, in the course of my subordinate duties at the White House, to meet thousands of men, from

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The White House Office Building

Lincoln's day down to the present; of whom hundreds, from time to time, occupied commanding positions in one field of life or another. But never has any one of them produced upon me such an effect as did President Roosevelt when he called us together that morning in his office.

From the day he took possession of the White House Mr. Roosevelt started in to work hard, and this he kept up during more than seven years at a pace that surprised the world. Soon after breakfasting with his family he would go to his office, and from the moment he arrived the office machinery would run at full speed. His record as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner in New York City, Colonel of the Rough Riders, Governor of New York, and Vice-president of the United States, had made him known to every hamlet, farmhouse, and cross-roads in the country. The American people as a whole felt a personal interest in him, and they felt that he had a personal interest in *them;* that he would do all in his power to right public wrongs, whether national or local; to encourage and stand fast

with those who were trying to do what was honest and upright.

This feeling of personal friendship on the part of the public resulted in a daily mail larger, perhaps, than any other individual ever received continuously in this hemisphere. The President had quizzically commented upon the size of his office force that morning when we first came to meet him, but he soon found out that he had plenty of need for the thirty-eight men, eight of whom were stenographers and typewriters. It is something of a task to handle, examine, and reply to five hundred letters a day, on the average, for seven or eight years. Of course the President did not read or personally answer all of these letters. That would have been a physical impossibility for any two men; but nothing was kept from him that he ought to see, and his orders were very strict that a proper response must be made to every communication which came to the Executive Office. In this connection will be recalled the great flood of letters, telegrams, and other messages of congratulation that swept into the White House immediately after his election

in November, 1904. Thousands and thousands of them there were, from almost every part of the country. I think I am correct in saying that individual acknowledgment, by note or by engraved card, was made to every one so received.

I doubt if any previous President ever took such active, personal interest in so many public questions, inaugurated so many new lines of work for the public welfare, created so many new lines of business looking toward the facilitating of governmental functions as he conceived them. Yet we have never had another President who regarded recreation, daily athletic exercise, as so important that it must be taken as consistently and regularly as food. Furthermore, if there ever has been another President who was so punctilious about social obligations, who read so thoroughly and enormously, and part of whose very religion was to devote himself constantly to wife and children — I do not know who he was.

I am well aware that in the case of every President there must be wide divergence of opinion concerning his public life and politi-

cal and economic policies. In these recollections of the home life of our Presidents, I have nothing to do with such matters. Yet it is surely permissible for me to say that the extraordinary enthusiasm with which President Roosevelt threw himself, day after day, into his official duties, was no whit greater than the enthusiasm which he carried into his unofficial life. He was more like an ancient Greek than any other human being I ever saw, in that he was interested in everything and in everybody. Whether it were a monumental success like bringing about the Treaty of Portsmouth and thus ending hostilities between Japan and Russia; or seeing to it that the Panama Canal was actually under way; or finding a new author of real promise, — it was all the same. His interest was aroused instantly, his enthusiasm was unabated.

One morning in March, 1905, I received a note from a Washington gentleman, introducing a Mr. C. N. Teeter, of Hagerstown, Ind., "who," the note went on to say, "has a top made by his son, eight years of age, which he wishes to have presented to Master Quentin Roosevelt."

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The Green Room

I had a talk with Mr. Teeter, who was a machinist. It seemed that his little son had become very much interested in reading about Quentin; and, being of about the same age, thought it would be nice to make a present for him. So he went into his father's shop, and after much effort turned out a steel top — the most remarkable top I have ever seen, at that. Mr. Teeter wanted to know if the President would allow Quentin to accept the little gift. Not merely would Mr. Roosevelt do this, as I quickly ascertained; but he wanted to see the boy, and have a chat with him, and find out how the wonderful top could be spun. So, as soon as possible thereafter, the Indiana youngster was brought to the White House, and taken into the President's private office. The President patted him on the head, and asked questions, and finally learned, as did Quentin, how the top would go. This interview, of course, took only a few minutes — but the point is that it was granted, gladly granted by Mr. Roosevelt; and that for those few minutes everything else was put aside.

I have been told of a new book the President

heard of and sent for, — a monumental work, tracing certain phases of human history as far back as human history is known. Mr. Roosevelt not merely read books, but absorbed them. And when he had finished this particular work, he sent for a stenographer and started in to write the author — a foreigner — what he thought of the volume as a whole, of its historical accuracy, and its philosophical deductions. Hour after hour he dictated, swiftly, surely, and when the letter was completed, at one single session, my recollection is that it was nearer twenty than fifteen thousand words in length. At its conclusion Mr. Roosevelt at once sent for another short-hand man and plunged into a matter of government. The stenographer who had taken the letter referred to came out to the general office, with closely filled note-books in his hand, and sank into his chair nearly exhausted.

In the early hours of the morning, after disposing of his mail, the President would receive Senators and Representatives and Cabinet members; and then, shortly before twelve o'clock, he would step out to the general re-

ception room to greet private citizens from all over the country, who had come to "pay their respects." His ability to remember faces and names was remarkable, and I have never known him to make a mistake therein. More than once, while in that room, crowded with visitors who were being presented to him, I have seen him glance over to a far corner, and spy some old acquaintance from a distance — from the far West, or some remote New England village, or from the South, or the Middle West. And his hand would go high up in the air, as he would call out above the sea of heads surrounding him:

"Hullo, Jack! Glad to see you. When did you get to Washington?"

"Just came in, Mr. President."

"Well, don't go away — I want you to take lunch with me!"

And later on the friend would find himself one of a dozen or twenty other personal friends of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, gathered around their hospitable table. I think I am within bounds in saying that probably there never was a day during the Roosevelt presidency

when no guests were asked to take luncheon in the White House. Both the President and his wife were hospitable in the highest sense. They had friends by the score, if not by the hundred — warm, sincere, devoted friends; and better than any other thing, I believe, they liked to entertain these friends in the privacy of their White House home.

Those familiar with Washington from 1901 to 1909 will agree with me, I am confident, that no other President ever infused into the Executive Mansion such a spirit of joyousness, gayety, and unbounded welcome. And the wife of no other gave anything like the number of private dinners, small dances for the young people, musicales, formal luncheons, teas, "at homes," receptions, and garden parties. Of course the usual public affairs were held; the four state dinners each season and other Presidential requirements of like nature; but to these I am not referring. The list of entertainments for which Mrs. Roosevelt sent out invitations would appal almost any American woman. Yet so great was her capacity for carrying through her share of her husband's life, in ad-

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Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt

dition to her own particular duties as wife, mother, home-maker, that she was able to live those seven busy years without losing health, strength, or the youthful, vivacious, charming presence that made her personality as remarkable as that of her husband. The White House Social List of the Roosevelt administrations makes record of some one hundred and eighty of these private entertainments, which were given during the six months' season of the several years. Each of them was a perfect example of elegant, but by no means extravagant, entertaining on the part of an American gentlewoman, whose husband occupied a high position in the world, and who received her guests with dignity becoming the station in life which, for the time being, she occupied.

As chosen representative of a great majority of the American people, President Roosevelt gave the best that was in him to conduct the business of their government according to what he thought was for the highest and best interests of those whom he served. And it always seemed to me that, on her part, Mrs. Roosevelt regarded her position as Mistress of the White

House to be in its own way a position for which she felt responsibility to the American people.

I have never seen such a blending of traits as was shown in Mr. Roosevelt. He could delight a prince of royal blood who might be dining at his table; and a few hours later meet on absolutely even ground — man to man! — a group of toilworn, hard-headed and hard-handed laboring men, who had come to Washington to ask his aid in settling a disturbance in which the public was involved.

Of course we of to-day know all this; the Roosevelt administrations are yet a vivid memory. But, for the benefit of readers in years to come, I am endeavoring to give some idea of one whose versatility set him apart as a truly extraordinary man, yet one whose personal tastes were the simplest.

There can be no question that Mr. Roosevelt chafed under the fact that when he went away from home his advisers deemed it necessary to have secret service men following him, in order that no insane person should do him harm. When he first noticed that he was being fol-

lowed by such guards he was indignant; he did n't want them. He felt entirely able to take care of himself and any who might be with him. But his advisers insisted that no precaution could be omitted. The public interests in which he was the moving figure were too great, the policies at home and abroad, which he was instituting, were too serious. His advisers would take no chances with cranks who are always scheming to get near the President of the United States; and he had to accept their judgment. But he never let the presence of such guards change his plans, or affect his intentions in the slightest degree. If they had to accompany him they had to — that was all there was to it. But if the secret service men thought he would permit their suggestions to hamper, in any way, the liberty of a free-born American citizen, they were much mistaken.

I remember one afternoon in late January, when the proverbial January thaw had made everything soaking wet and miserably uncomfortable, that I started homeward from the office, and met the President accompanied by two friends — one being Mr. Pinchot — and Mr.

Sloan of the secret service. All were dressed for a "Roosevelt stroll," which meant a tramp of ten, fifteen, or twenty miles, perhaps, straight across country, over hills, through fields and woods; regardless of weather, obstacles in the way, or anything else.

They took their "stroll" — for about two hours, through the marshes southwest of the Executive Mansion. Pushing vigorously onward, as usual, the President came to an especially soft spot in the soggy surroundings, but, looking ahead, thought he saw firm ground. The next moment he sprang upward and forward to this supposedly firm ground, but instead of finding what was anticipated, he landed in icy water literally up to his waist. Without hesitating a moment he called out to his companions:

"Come along! We can get through all right!"

And not to be outdone, the three instantly followed, with the same result. The President soon saw that it was useless to proceed further in that direction, and at once leaped in another, this time coming down in a pool

deeper than the first one, and his companions also plunged in. A moment or two later, however, they all made their way to solid earth again, wet to the skin almost from armpits to ankles; but instead of returning home for a change of clothing, the President laughed at the misadventure, and started off at a swinging gait across country. By this time the afternoon was so far advanced that the atmosphere was freezing, and this doubtless aided in drying out their clothing as they walked.

Such considerations as the weather never affected Mr. Roosevelt in the slightest. Exercise he would have. To keep up his tremendous mental activity he felt it necessary to keep his physical self at its highest efficiency. Often have I seen him start out from the White House in a driving, smashing downpour, disdaining umbrella, mackintosh or other such impedimenta, and go off on a long, hard tramp, with the eagerness and zest and delight he took in everything.

The first time I ever saw Mrs. Roosevelt was on Friday, September 27, 1901, when Mr. Loeb — to whom I had administered the oath

the day previous — took me to her, in the room over the Red Room. She wanted to see me about obtaining a writing-desk, and some stationery and inkstands; and I knew at first glance that with her as Mistress of the White House, affairs would run along easily, smoothly, and without unpleasant features. A most charming woman, she impressed me at that first meeting, with a sweet, kind face, and a very winsome manner. The ensuing seven or eight years confirmed this first impression.

Whether she realized how great was to be her part in her husband's presidency I do not know, of course. But she soon proved herself competent to preside over such varied and extensive social activities as the White House had never known before. Mrs. Roosevelt did not employ a housekeeper, but kept a strict oversight herself upon household matters. It was absolutely necessary, however, for her to have the assistance of a social secretary, and this important position was ably filled by Miss Isabel Hagner.

How Mrs. Roosevelt ever managed to attend to her multitudinous affairs has always

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The Red Room

been a mystery to me; but she did so, with a thoroughness unsurpassed. First of all wife and mother, she was also comrade of her husband, and confidante of the children. When the President was going out for a ride in the saddle, he would ascertain whether Mrs. Roosevelt could go with him. If so, his delight was unbounded. If she could not go, he would send for some men friends. But frequently she went, generally driving with the President in a carriage from the White House, out to Park Road, in the far northwest section, where they would find horses waiting for them. Then a spring into the saddle, a word to the splendid animals — and away they would go, flying like the wind, out into the country. And let me remark, right here, that Mrs. Roosevelt, when I knew her, was one of the finest horsewomen I ever met. Without wishing to make comparisons, I am of the opinion that she was as much at home in the saddle as was her distinguished husband.

Both of them intensely patriotic, believing in their country and in their fellow countrymen and countrywomen; delighting in the com-

radeship of their children; possessing sound judgment concerning books, pictures, music, the drama; exceedingly hospitable by nature; loving God's outdoors, and the creatures God has placed there — it is no wonder that theirs has been an ideal life in its home and family aspects. Mrs. Roosevelt, when in the White House, looked after the comfort and health of husband and children just as any other American woman would do in private life. The welfare of the boys and girls, their schools, their games, their friends and ambitions, were a very important part of life to this charming, graceful, winsome, womanly woman. Whether considering a boyish project which Quentin or Archie had for "camping out" somewhere over night; or presiding at a great dinner to distinguished guests, and later the same evening, at 9.30 or 10 o'clock, perhaps, receiving five hundred more at a musicale — as was often the case — Mrs. Roosevelt was always the same: gentle, courteous, gracious, and winsome. I have used that word "winsome" several times in referring to Mrs. Roosevelt. I meant to do so. To my mind it describes

her more accurately than any other word in the language.

Because of her rare simplicity, open-heartedness, and downright "goodness," her youthful spirit never changed. Like her husband she was able to meet and mingle on equal terms with people of all ages. And when she arranged the White House dinner for school-girl friends of Miss Ethel, which was given Thursday evening, April 18, 1907, and took part in the dance which followed it, in the East Room, the young guests who were present never realized that she was one whit older than they were. She entered into the affair with the single intention of giving the school-girls just as good a time as they could possibly have. And it was because she wholly forgot herself, and thought only of the others, that she seemed as young as they that memorable evening.

Like the President, she lived an outdoor life as far as possible, and did not believe in letting weather conditions interrupt plans for riding or walking. In this connection I remember the thirtieth day of January, 1908 — the coldest day Washington had had for a year, if not,

indeed, for many a year. Everybody in the city, almost everybody, that is, was complaining of the bitter weather, and almost everybody had difficulty in keeping reasonably warm. In this we, of the Executive Office, formed no exception. I had arrived in the office rather early that day, and was busily engaged in blowing the tips of my fingers, and stamping my feet, when, at about fifteen minutes before nine o'clock, I happened to glance through a window, and saw the President and Mrs. Roosevelt leaving the White House, neither wearing hat or head covering of any other kind. They turned into the South Grounds, bareheaded as they were, and made two full rounds, he walking rapidly, with his habitual long, swinging step, and Mrs. Roosevelt keeping up with him. The keen, biting air, just gilded with rays of the winter sun, and the light-colored sky, was what they wanted to enjoy; and enjoy those things they did, with a vim.

It was only a few weeks before this happened, that the children suffered a great loss in the disappearance of a pet dog, a little black-and-tan, which they loved with all their hearts,

especially Quentin. Search was made diligently, but no trace could be found of it. One day word was brought to the White House that a dog answering the pet's description had been seen in the public dog-pound, and without delay Mrs. Roosevelt set out to walk there, accompanied by Quentin and his governess. When they reached the pound, they were disappointed to find that the black-and-tan was not their lost friend. But it did look very much like him; so much so, in fact, that little Quentin took it in his arms, and petted it, and whispered to it.

Mrs. Roosevelt called the poundmaster to her.

"What are you going to do with the dog my little boy is playing with?" she inquired.

"He will be killed if not redeemed very shortly, Madam."

"Can I purchase his freedom?"

"Yes, Madam, by paying the usual fee of two dollars."

Quentin was asked if he would like this new doggie; and his answer caused Mrs. Roosevelt, as soon as she returned to the White House, to

send Anderson post-haste to the pound, carrying a two-dollar bill, with instructions to bring back the black-and-tan without delay.

One of the most important social events at the White House during Mr. Roosevelt's presidency was the marriage of his daughter, Alice, to Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, which took place on Saturday, February 17, 1906, the ceremony of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States being read by the Right Reverend Henry Yates Satterlee, Bishop of the diocese of Washington. The day itself was perfect, and the gold-and-white East Room was made even more splendid by exquisite floral decorations. One of the guests who was present, and saw this twelfth bride of the White House advance to the dais, leaning on the arm of her father, was Mrs. "Nelly" Grant Sartoris, who, thirty odd years previous, had been married at almost the identical spot in that same room. The great room was packed to its capacity, and the wedding was, perhaps, the most brilliant affair of its kind that has ever taken place on this continent.

The second great social event in the family

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The State Dining-Room

life of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, during their residence in the White House, occurred some two years after this wedding, when their daughter Miss Ethel was formally introduced to society. No other girl ever reigned so long in the Executive Mansion, not even Nelly Grant. Brought up in the simplest way at Sagamore Hill, and attending an unpretentious school-house near by, Miss Ethel had been the comrade of two enterprising young brothers, and as closely the comrade of father and mother. Furthermore, her preparation for life was far from that usually accorded American girls. Familiar with English, French, German; an accomplished pianist; possessing mental and physical vigor, she also had been taught the art of housekeeping and home-making, by that best of all teachers, a competent mother. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Mrs. Roosevelt is an exquisite needlewoman. The baby clothes of all her children, it is said, were fashioned by her own skillful fingers; and she early taught her daughter to sew, and to enjoy it, so that, during her White House life Miss Ethel more

often than not was fashioning some garment, or embroidering some fancy article. Like her mother she was almost always busily engaged thus when she sat with her parents in the evening, or when she visited with young friends; and like both father and mother, she was always fond of outdoor life, having learned to ride her own little pony when barely six years old, it is said. At the time of her "coming out" party, she was an accomplished horsewoman, and, thorough mistress of a fine Arabian mare which had been given her, she used to accompany the President on some of his long, hard rides.

It is safe to say that this charming young American girl will never forget that party, held in her honor in the White House, to which not only her own friends had been invited, but to which came eagerly a great company of the most distinguished men and women then sojourning on the North American continent. Nothing was spared to make the event as perfect as possible; but true to their traditions, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt resolutely set their disapproval upon any extravagance. Elegance there was on every hand — in the

music, the decorations, the supper, the beautiful costumes of the many guests; but not a scintilla of evidence could be found which indicated wasteful luxury.

The President's two eldest sons, Theodore, Jr., and Kermit, were away at boarding-school during most of the years of their parents' occupancy of the White House, but the two younger boys, Archie and Quentin, attended schools in the city or near by, and fun-loving, rollicking lads they were, too! From the very first day they arrived in the Executive Mansion they started in to have a good time, and they began by a detailed, careful survey of the entire building — every nook and cranny of it — and then of the extensive wide-reaching grounds. Washington remembers yet, with a chuckle, the story of a prank they were said to have indulged in that first day. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story, but accept it unhesitatingly, for it sounds just like two enterprising American youngsters. Having inspected their new home from attic to cellar, the boys turned their attention to the grounds, and after examining the wide

sweeping lawns and gardens on the south side, they went into the park which fronts on Pennsylvania Avenue. By that time the afternoon was about gone, and it was just getting dark. The first person Archie and Quentin spied was the old lamplighter, with his little ladder, scampering up and down the lamp-posts, lighting the gas-jets which then were used. With deep interest they watched this nimble little figure trotting from post to post, the ladder over his shoulder, and anxious to get all the jets alight before the prescribed minute had expired; for, of course, every detail of this nature in and around the White House is attended to with precision, with the utmost exactness and thoroughness.

An idea for a new game popped into the active minds of Archie and Quentin. As soon as the lighter had turned on and illuminated all the gas-jets on one side of the park, and was hurrying to another side, the lads would scramble up post after post, agile as a pair of monkeys, and turn out the lights. The man was completely mystified. No sooner would one side of the park be illum-

Mrs. Roosevelt's Colonial Garden at the White House

inated than the other would be in darkness. Finally a watchman who had been studying this remarkable phenomenon, saw a light, himself, so to speak; and cautiously moving forward he spied a wiry youngster in knickerbockers swarming up a lamp-post which suddenly became shrouded in black oblivion. He waited until the phenomenon was repeated a few times, to make sure, and then darted forward to take into custody some young scamp who had impudently invaded the White House grounds. When he ascertained that he had two youngsters in his hands, and that both were sons of the President, he thoughtfully concluded not to press charges against them.

Every President, of course, receives a great many presents of various kinds from people all over the country, and in this respect Mr. Roosevelt was no exception. Admirers from every section of the land wanted him to accept gifts of every imaginable description. Publishing houses and authors sent books by the dozen, score, hundred. At one period of his presidency the Executive Office was inundated — if that term is permissible — with

"big sticks" cut from every type of tree. I remember one such that had a butt end as large as a pumpkin. Crate after crate arrived containing live foxes, live coons, and other animals, including dogs without number. One day the newspapers told that a dog the President was particularly fond of had been whipped in a fight. Whether the story was true or not I cannot say; but I do know that a couple of days later a Roosevelt supporter out in Ohio sent to Washington a crate in which stood a big, heavy bulldog. At the same time came a note saying that the President might feel perfectly safe in turning him loose 'most anywhere; that "the brute had never yet been licked in a fight"; and the man who wrote the letter added that he did n't believe the brute ever would be. I can vouch for at least the latter part of this note. That dog still lives in Washington, and he *has n't* been licked, up to this writing. But I am informed on good authority that he whipped all the dogs he ever came across in the capital city. A present of this kind the President did not keep of course.

In addition to endless official tasks, to private and public entertaining, to constant general reading, special studies, and his family comradeship, Mr. Roosevelt insisted upon keeping informed as closely as possible concerning the opinion of the country at large on all important public matters. In order to do this he saw and talked with hundreds of men where other Presidents would have talked with scores or dozens. He invited to his office, for free and frank discussion, not merely men of education, wealth, owners and managers of great industrial plants, but also their workmen. It was a wonderful procession that passed into that office during the seven or eight years — statesmen, captains of industry, leaders of finance, authors, artists, explorers, naturalists, scientific men, labor leaders, ranchmen, governors, generals, political leaders of little country districts, humble folk of no particular importance whatever except that they were citizens of the United States and therefore interested in its welfare. That was enough. That fact in itself was sufficient.

But in addition to seeing all these people,

and attending to his enormous correspondence, the President, with remarkable success, undertook to keep informed concerning public opinion as it was voiced by the responsible press of the nation. During Mr. Roosevelt's presidency one of my own important duties was to scan from three hundred to five hundred newspapers each day, and to mark every single article, paragraph, and reference therein, which related to the policies and procedure of the Administration. Nothing was to be omitted, I was told, when receiving the instructions for this work. Nothing must be kept from the President, no matter how unfavorable, how severely critical, provided that it would be of the slightest value to him as a guide to the opinion of the people as a whole, whom he was trying to serve to the best of his ability. It is needless to add that I followed my instructions to the letter, and the clippings, of which there must have been tens of thousands, form an extraordinary compilation.

The American people, always keenly interested in any new phase of life, found an endless field for comment and speculation in

the varied activities of this many-sided President. One day the Physical Director of the New York Athletic Club, "Professor" Mike Donovan, came down to Washington at Mr. Roosevelt's request. In all probability neither of them thought anything about the matter one way or the other. Mr. Roosevelt merely wanted to make sure that after protracted residence at the White House he had not lost any of his alertness or elasticity of body. So he sent word to Donovan to come down and "try him out," as I may term it, and Donovan responded as he would have responded to a like request from any one of his old pupils. But when the newspaper correspondents got hold of the fact that Mike Donovan, a famous trainer of athletes, was actually in Washington for the avowed purpose of putting the President of the United States through a series of "athletic stunts" — which were to take place in the White House itself — the whole country rang with columns and columns about it. Such a thing probably never took place in the White House before, and that was excuse enough for the prominence given to

the affair. But looking at it from a common-sense viewpoint, there was every reason for the visit. The President called Donovan to Washington to test the power and efficiency of his physical self, to see if the bodily engine was sound, working true, and not in danger of "slipping a cog" anywhere. And during his presidency Mr. Roosevelt had Donovan come down for the same purpose twice each year on the average.

For a long time, also, Mr. Roosevelt engaged in wrestling bouts and in boxing contests with "Joe" Grant, champion of the District of Columbia, and these exercises took place two or three times a week during the winter season when it was not expedient to go for horseback ride or long walks. We of to-day remember, of course, the arrival in Washington of the distinguished Japanese instructors in jiu-jitsu, who visited the White House at various times during two seasons, until Mr. Roosevelt became proficient in their remarkable art. It was not only with such expert professional athletic teachers, however, that the President practiced various forms of

self-defense. Wrestling bouts, boxing contests, broadsword encounters, were indulged in with close personal friends — notably General Leonard Wood — and with the President's sons and their friends. At one time the newspapers were filled with stories about the famous wrestling exhibition given in the East Room by the heaviest, most powerful, most proficient wrestlers of the Empire of Japan.

All this sort of thing was unusual, of course, and only served to increase popular interest in the President's every word and act. And following close were various spectacular efforts indulged in by private citizens, which showed their own endurance and originality. For example, on November 29, 1907, an old-time "prairie schooner," of the type in vogue in '49, came slowly up Pennsylvania Avenue, drawn by a pair of philosophic oxen, turned into the White House grounds, and came to a full stop before the entrance to the Executive Office. In the wagon were an elderly woman, an accomplished collie dog, and simple housekeeping utensils; and the whole outfit was in charge of a weatherbeaten old man,

white-haired, wrinkled, bearded, but spry as a cat. This old man was Ezra Meeker, years previous reputed to be a millionaire hop-grower out in what was then Washington Territory, but who had long before lost his fortune. A day or two previous, he had completed a two-year journey from Tacoma, Wash., to Washington, D. C., and had been able to make an appointment to be received this November morning by the President.

After pausing a moment in front of the office, Meeker shouted to his oxen, and they lumbered on, drawing the heavy wagon around to a point between the office and the Department of State, across the way, where they were brought to a stop again. This time Meeker sprang out of his "prairie schooner," going over the wheel as lightly as a boy, and came into the office, where the President was waiting to give the vigorous old man a hearty welcome. After a little chat he went out again, this time accompanied by the President, who stood on the office steps for five minutes, looking with interest at the outfit of long ago. Then he went with Meeker over to where the

wagon waited, was introduced to the woman inside, and enjoyed seeing the collie dog put through his tricks. It was one of the last days of November, a cold wind whipped around the ground blowing one's clothing awry, and the President was bareheaded, and without an overcoat. But he did n't mind it. He enjoyed the old man and the " prairie schooner " and the oxen and the dog; and the woman in the wagon was made to feel, by his courteous cordiality, that he felt it an honor to meet her.

On another occasion, earlier in the same year, Eli Smith had arrived from Nome, Alaska, in a curious vehicle, which consisted of a regular arctic dog-sledge resting on small wheels. With the exception of certain stretches in his long journey when he had to go by water, Smith had come all the way from Nome to Washington with that sledge drawn by his team of six dogs, we were told. He had been about a year on the journey, and by accomplishing the trip in a specified period he had won a bet, said to be for ten thousand dollars. Smith saw the President, presented to him a letter from an official at Nome, and in return

asked for and received a brief note in which the President certified to the date of his arrival at the White House. Then the rugged mail-carrier from Alaska drove his sledge around to the south side of the White House, where Mrs. Roosevelt and the children saw it, and saw Smith put his Eskimo dogs through their paces.

It would be possible to keep on writing almost indefinitely of similar incidents concerning the home life of President Roosevelt in the White House. But enough has been said, I think, to give the reader some idea of his many-sided personality, and his manner of facing the problems, great and small, that constantly came up for attention.

All of us who were employed in the Executive Office during his presidency worked hard, perhaps harder than under any other President in fifty years; but every man of us knew that Mr. Roosevelt worked harder than we did; that he knew what each of us was doing, and that he appreciated to the full our efforts to aid him in transacting the business of the government. And he was kindness

itself to us. On each New Year's Day, for example, when I went to pay my respects, he would "see me first," as the boys say, meet me halfway across the room with outstretched hand, and exclaim;

"Happy New Year, Comrade! Good luck to you and yours!"

He had always called me "Comrade" — from the first time he noticed the bronze Grand Army button in my lapel.

On the morning of March 3, 1909, the President spoke his little farewell to his office force. There was nothing "set" about the few words, or any special arrangement about the meeting. He would leave his high position in twenty-four hours, when President-elect Taft would succeed him; so he came out into the office quite informally, and we stood up, of course, as he appeared. Then, with a kindly, cordial smile, which for a moment rested on each man of us, he said:

"Gentlemen, I want to express my very earnest and hearty appreciation of the services that you have rendered. We have been associated now for nearly eight years, and there has never,

at any time, been any demand made upon you to which you have not responded in the heartiest and most generous fashion. I have often thought," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes, "you would have been warranted in getting up a conspiracy to murder me, for the way I have worked you. And," he continued, again becoming serious, "I do wish you to understand that I have grown to feel a spirit of the closest and most genuine companionship and comradeship with you. I felt that you and I were working for a common end, and I have appreciated very deeply the work you have done. I do not wish to leave the office without having the pleasure of shaking hands with each of you, individually."

THE END